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1866

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AUGUST 1914

No. 8

1914



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CONTENTS

Portrait of David O. McKay.....Frontispiece

MISCELLANEOUS.

Conscience (A Poem)....Maud Baggarley	497
The Fourteenth International Sunday School Convention	499
Utah's Blind Pioneer Harpist (with Portrait)	504
Because He Loved His Mother.....	505
.....Harold Goff	508
A Youthful Defender	510
To Learn to Love to Farm.....	511
.....Dr. J. M. Tanner	512
The Pioneers (Copy of Painting).....	511
.....J. Leo Fairbanks	512
Notes on Our History.....D. W. Parratt	540
"That Flynn Boy".....John Henry Evans	546
The California Cuckoo (Illustrated).....	548
.....Claude T. Barnes	548
The World's Great Fables.....	548

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Our Responsibility.....Dr. E. G. Gowans	514
---	-----

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department—Sacrament	
---------------------------------------	--

Gem and Concert Recitation for September	518
Parents' Department—To Stake and Ward Supervisors—Lessons for September	519
Theological Department—Second and Fourth Year Lessons for September...	520
Second Intermediate Department—Second and Fourth Year Lessons for September	521
Thirty-first Ward Sunday School (Group Picture)	528
First Intermediate Department—Second and Fourth Year Lessons for September	530
Primary Department—Lessons for September	532
Kindergarten Department—Lessons for September	534

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Peaseblossom's Lion (Illustrated).....	549
.....Sophie Swett	552
A Dinner Dialogue.....M. D. Tolman	555
The Children's Budget Box.....	558
Little Scissors-Stories	560
The Funny Bone	560

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CONSCIENCE.

By Maud Baggarley.

Great thoughts—great deeds—are thine,
O, soul,
Marching onward to a goal
Fast hid from mortal sight.
Sometimes the pathway is all dark,
Illumined only by the spark
Of light, from thine own heart:
Upon whose altar
God hath set a burning flame,
Whose lambent red
Points out the way thy feet should
tread.
If thou wilt walk within its glow,
As years sweep o'er 'twill brighter grow.
That pure flame by the Father given,
Will guide thee safely back to heaven.
But if thou, wilful, in the dark
Wanderest afar from that sacred spark,
'Twill dimmer grow, until its light
Is lost, 'mid shadows of the night.



ELDER DAVID O. M'KAY.

First Assistant General Superintendent Deseret Sunday School Union.



ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLIX.

AUGUST.

No. 8.

The Fourteenth International Sunday School Convention.

By David O. McKay.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL A VITALIZING FORCE.

"Democracy is coming. Sectarianism is going." Such is the sentiment expressed by Dr. C. P. Anderson, bishop of the Episcopal church, Chicago, at the opening session of the Fourteenth International Sunday School convention in the Medinah Temple, Tuesday, June 23, 1914. There can be no doubt about the truth of what he says; and because the barriers of sectarianism are falling, the protestant churches are enabled to come closer and closer together each year in the great common cause of Sunday School work. Unless the loss of vitality in their churches be so great as to vitiate their Sunday Schools, the International Sunday School Association will prove to be the greatest self-preservation force the protestant churches have at their command. A great deal of emphasis was given to the fact that the Sunday Schools were the feeders to the church, and the general secretary's report says that "about 6,765 scholars unite with their churches every Sunday during the year." However, some of the delegates urged the necessity of making the church *self-active* and the Sunday Schools dependent upon it,

not the church dependent upon the Sunday Schools. Said a Mr. Fergusson, of Philadelphia, "We have not self-activity at present, and we cannot vitalize our Sunday Schools from our churches until they are self-active." Sectarianism is going, and the power of the protestant churches is weakening but the International Sunday School Association will prove to be a great vitalizing influence among them. New features always give zest; and there are so many new and interesting phases of Sunday School work for them yet to study and adopt.

WHAT THE ASSOCIATION IS.

The International Sunday School Association is really an American international association, as it comprises practically only the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, Central America, and northern South America, although some of the other nations, (England, Japan and India particularly), had representatives at this convention. Up to the present, the conventions have been held every three years, but at Chicago recently, it was decided to meet in the future every four years, providing the World Congress of Sunday Schools would change its time of meeting to

every four years. Such an arrangement will make the conventions alternate every two years.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

The World's Convention is what its name implies, a convention which includes all lands. Seven such gatherings have been held, the first in London, 1889, the last in Zurich, 1913. The next will be held in Tokyo, 1916. The next International, in New York, 1918.

DEPARTMENTS AND DIVISIONS.

The general officers of the Association are: President, a general treasurer, a general secretary, associated general secretary, an executive committee, and a "committee of one hundred," numbering now 170. Besides these there are employed:

1. International secretaries, superintendents and field workers.
2. General secretaries of states and provinces.
3. General secretaries of cities.
4. State and provincial field workers.
5. Elementary superintendents.
6. Secondary division superintendents.
7. Adult division superintendents.
8. Missionary superintendents.
9. Teacher training superintendents.

"Making a total of 153 general secretaries, city secretaries, field workers and superintendents, who are paid for whole or part time as Association officers." In the schools, there are only three divisions, viz.:

First. The Elementary, embracing the cradle roll, (birth to 3); Beginners department, (ages 3, 4, and 5); Primary department, (ages 6, 7, and 8); Junior department, (ages 9, 10, 11, and 12).

Second. The Secondary or "Teen" division, including boys and girls of high school age.

Third. The Adult division, in

which all the other departments are included, such as Home department, Temperance department, Missionary department, and the Parents department, which is just being introduced.

UNIFORM AND GRADED LESSONS.

Uniform lessons were first published by the first lesson committee about forty years ago. This means that all Sunday Schools study the same lesson at the same time, according to the committee's report. "This series of lessons had not been in use very long, however, till criticisms began to arise, and they have continued up to the present time. The demand for graded lessons became more and more insistent, and this demand the Association has undertaken to meet as best it could, first by the introduction of the Beginners' Course, which was accepted, and later, by the introduction of an Advanced Course. These changes, however, were not wholly satisfactory, and in answer to a widespread demand, a fully graded lesson course was authorized six years ago, at the Louisville convention." A resolution regarding the basis of co-operation of the churches in the preparation of lessons was adopted as follows:

1. Unity of lesson courses, with denominational freedom for any desired modification.

2. The joint selection of all courses on the part of the International Sunday School Association, the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, and Denominational Agencies.

3. All lesson courses available for all publishing houses.

As touching the organization and work of the Lesson Committee:

1. That the International Sunday School Lesson Committee be created as follows:

a. Eight members to be selected by the International Sunday School Association.

b. Eight members to be selected

by the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.

c. One member to be selected by each denomination represented in the Sunday School Council now having, or that in the future may have, a lesson committee.

2. It shall be the duty of the Lesson Committee thus elected to construct lesson courses, to be submitted to the various denominations, subject to such revision and modification as each denomination may desire to make in order to adapt the courses to its own denominational needs.

3. No course shall be promulgated or discontinued by the Lesson Committee unless the action is approved by a majority of the members of each of the three sections of the committee.

4. The Lesson Committee shall be created not later than July 1, 1914, and the lesson course constructed by it shall take effect at the close of the present cycle of uniform lessons ending December 1, 1917.

5. Beginning July 1, 1914, the members of the sections of the Lesson Committee representing the International Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations shall be elected, one-half for a period of three years and one-half for a period of six years, and thereafter for periods of six years. The representatives of the denominations shall be elected for a period of three years.

6. The foregoing agreement may be changed only by mutual consent of the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

A most commendable part of the convention was the excellent work done in behalf of temperance. In addition to the daily meetings held in special department work, and addresses before the general assembly, a large temperance meeting was held in

the Medinah Temple, Sunday, June 28, at 3 p. m., at which Hon. Richard P. Hobson, of the United States Senate, delivered a most sound and stirring appeal for nation-wide prohibition. "National prohibition in ten years," was the slogan of the convention.

"We are facing National prohibition," said Marion Lawrence, the general secretary, one day. "It is up to us as organized Sunday Schools to get busy. The Sunday School is not a political organization, but an educational one. Neither is prohibition a political one, but is one that concerns the salvation of the individual and the salvation of the home. We are confronting the greatest forward movement in temperance matters the world has ever seen. Thirty-six states must be carried before a national amendment to the constitution can be secured. The battle is on to the finish." It was reported that there are thirty-four states in the Union which have in the aggregate fewer saloons than are in New York City; and Booker T. Washington supplemented this by saying that there are fewer saloons south of the "Mason and Dixon" line than are in the city of Chicago. "The revolution of closing up the cursed bar rooms in the south," he continued, "is second only to the Emancipation proclamation."

AN ADVANCE STEP.

North Dakota and Colorado have each instituted a plan of Bible study in the Secondary division that is intended to parallel the regular high school course of the public schools. The Colorado plan provides for a full four years' course, on the successful completion of which the student receives one full credit on his high school diploma. The plan has been approved by the State Teachers' Association, and a joint committee of this Association, and the Sunday School Association is now at work on

the courses of study. In Gary, Ind., the public school plan is so arranged that students get two hours religious training each day in denominational doctrine.

ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CHURCH.

The Latter-day Saints are not affiliated in any way with the International Association. They have never sought recognition by the International, and I suppose they never will. The officers (at least some of them) assume a cold, suspicious attitude towards anything "Mormon." Many of them, too, know the excellence of the Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools; for not a few have been courteously escorted to these schools, by members of the General Board; yet no mention was made of the great Sunday School movement in this Intermountain region. On the contrary, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona are considered the deserts in Sunday School work, as the following from the general secretary shows:

"There is great need to have a man located in the central Rocky Mountain field. It will be some time before such states as Utah and Wyoming can support a general secretary of their own. A man located possibly at Salt Lake City could render much help to these states, and, in addition, give assistance to Idaho, Nevada, and other parts of the Rocky Mountain West. It is a most promising field." If they could afford to hire such a man (they have to pay him a regular salary) and he would permit the scales of prejudice to fall from his eyes, he might find among these 800 "Mormon" Sunday Schools many features that might with great profit be adopted by the Association he represents.

However, I was treated courteously by all whom I met, and given the priv-

ilege of the delegates in all regular sessions. The representatives from Utah, Messrs. Murphy and Eberhardt, were particularly solicitous regarding my interest in the convention.

President German E. Ellsworth and some of the Elders of the Northern States Mission were present also at several of the general sessions.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Taken, all in all, it was a great convention, and cannot but have far-reaching results. Besides the one hundred and fifty or more meetings held during the week, the following special features were most commendable:

The May Festival Concert, one of the permanent features of the Cook County Sunday School work.

The International Bible Class parade, in which about 6,000 men and boys marched in line through the principal streets of Chicago, a demonstration planned to be an outward expression of a world-wide religious movement; and the Sunday School historical pageant, an educational entertainment in which it was reported "at least five hundred people participated." The pageant was designed to portray, in a series of progressive episodes, the origin, growth, and development of religious instruction of youth from patriarchal times to the modern graded Sunday School.

It is well, when practicable, to have a representative or representatives of our General Board present at these great gatherings, for the benefit derived not only from the addresses and suggestions, but from the stimulation of thought and the awakening of new ideas. "If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."



THOMAS D. GILES.
Utah's Blind Pioneer Harpist.

Utah's Blind Pioneer Harpist.

By William A. Morton.

There is a grave in the cemetery in Provo, in which lie the remains of one of the early settlers of our glorious State, a man of great faith, of remarkable courage and perseverance, a man who is well remembered by all our early settlers—Thomas D. Giles, Utah's blind harpist.

He was born in Wales, in the year 1820, the same year in which Joseph Smith had his first vision, and was baptized into the Church in 1844, the year in which the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were martyred.

Brother Giles was a zealous worker in the Church, and in the course of time he was honored with a call to act as president of the Welsh conference. In the year 1848, at a meeting of the Saints held in Brother Giles' native town, a member of the Church arose and spoke in an unknown tongue. It was a prophecy, the interpretation of which was that something of a very serious nature would shortly happen to some of the leaders of the Church in that part of the country. The promise was made, however, that through the power of God and the administrations of the Priesthood, the life of His servant or servants would be preserved.

The spirit of dread took possession of the little branch. It was feared that the calamity predicted would come through mob violence, and, as a precaution, the elders of the Church from that time stopped going out singly.

Sure enough, the sad prediction came to pass—Brother Giles was the victim. One day while working at his trade—digging coal in a mine—a large piece of coal fell on him, striking him on the head, inflicting a terrible wound nine inches long, and rendering him totally blind. The injured man was carried to his home and medical aid hastily summoned. The doctor dressed and bound up the wound in Brother Giles' head, and rendered him other

assistance. On taking his leave, the doctor said he did not believe the injured man would live longer than twenty-four hours.

News of the sad accident was carried to two of the elders of the Church. They hastened to the bedside of their unfortunate brother. They anointed him with holy oil, laid their hands on him and prayed in faith for his recovery. He was told that he would get well, and that notwithstanding he would never see again, he would live to do much good in the Church. A month later he was out traveling through the country, attending to his ecclesiastical duties.

In the spring of 1856 Brother Giles received word that he and his family could come to Zion. They crossed the sea in the ship *Curlin*, Brother Dan Jones, captain of the company. Before leaving Wales, the Saints there presented Brother Giles with a splendid harp, which he learned to play skilfully.

While crossing the plains another terrible misfortune befell Brother Giles—he lost, through death, his wife and two children. His sorrow was great, his heart almost broken. But his faith did not fail him. In the midst of his grief, he said, as did one of old, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He knew that at the end of life's journey he would meet his loved ones again, meet to part no more.

At Council Bluffs he joined a handcart company and started again for "the valley." Think of a poor, blind man pulling a handcart from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City! Brother Alfred Reese, who pulled the handcart with Brother Giles, led the way.

At a certain stage of the journey Brother Giles became very ill. While in this condition a ministering angel in the person of Elder Parley P. Pratt

appeared on the scene. Through the administration of this faithful servant of the Lord the sick man was healed and again took up the march, and finally landed in the City of the Saints.

President Brigham Young had in his possession at that time a valuable harp, and he tendered the use of it to Brother Giles. In due time Brother Giles' own harp arrived, and then, carrying a letter of introduction from

President Young to the Bishops, Brother Giles traveled from settlement to settlement, giving concerts, and gladdening the hearts of the people with his sweet music. This he did for many years.

On the 2nd day of November, 1895, the harp of the old blind musician was hung upon the willows—Brother Giles, its owner, was dead.

Because He Loved His Mother.

By Harold Goff.

II.

For some time after Harry Burke saved the passenger train from running into the burning bridge he was regarded as quite a hero by his companions, Bob and Ben. At night after work, at meals, indeed, every time the boys came together, one or the other would ask Harry more about the affair.

"How did you feel when you saw that the bridge was burning?" Ben asked him as they sat down one evening after supper.

"Why, the smoke was so thin and faint," said Harry, "that at first I didn't think it was smoke at all. Then when I saw that it was I couldn't tell that the bridge was actually on fire. I thought there might be some burning ashes under the bridge. If it had been a bigger fire I guess I would have been excited."

"Gee, I would!" said Bob.

"The minute I got over close," Harry went on, "I could see that no train would ever get over. The biggest timber was burned nearly in two and the bridge was sagging under its own weight. Then when I remembered that 'the Flier' was about due I began to do some right tall thinking."

"When you went sprawling on the track while you were running," said Ben, "it's a good thing you didn't

strike your head on the rail. If you had you would have been under 'the Flier' and she would have gone in the ditch."

"I guess that's right," Harry said.

"Why didn't you let the passengers take up a collection for you when they wanted to?" asked Bob.

"I don't need money that bad," was Harry's reply.

"Why, there might have been some millionaires in the crowd," said Bob. "I'll bet they'd have given at least a hundred dollars."

"Well," said Harry, "if I hadn't been working for the railroad, maybe I would have taken it—I don't know. We could have used it at home, well enough."

The men of the construction gang, including the foreman, praised Harry for his brave act; and so the boy—for a time, at least, was quite a hero.

Then something happened to change the situation, so far as Bob and Ben were concerned. One evening when Harry had gone for a stroll down the track after supper, Bob went snooping around Harry's bunk in the sleeping car. Just what he was after is a question, but as he slipped his hand under the pillow he found a small cloth-bound book. It was the diary which Harry's mother had given to him, in which to record the important

happenings of each day and some of the thoughts that should come to him.

Now, if there is anything a boy is sensitive over it is the secret record he has made in his diary. Likewise, if there is anything a mischievous boy likes to do it is to sneak a look into the diary of some other boy. Bob read several pages, chuckling to himself. Then he went to the car window and stuck his head out.

"Hey, Ben," he called, "come here; I've got something rich." Ben came on the run and together they read the little diary through. On nearly every page Harry had written: "I have loved you today, mother, and it has helped me a lot"—or some similar sentiment. It was evident that his mother's words of goodbye to him at the gate had been remembered.

"He's sure the love-you-mother kid!" exclaimed Ben when the diary was finished.

"Say," said Bob, "let's call him that—the 'love-you-mother kid.' He'll get sore as an owl."

"Hope he will," returned Ben. "He's been too darned stuck up since he happened to run on to that bridge burning. Why, anybody would have had sense enough to stop the train. It don't take no hero. He makes me sick."

"We'll call him 'love-you-mother;' that'll get his goat."

And, laughing, the two went out to the bonfire where the men of the camp were beginning to gather.

It was dark when Harry returned from his stroll. The boys heard him whistling before they could see him.

"Hey, there," cried Bob; "O, love-you-mother."

"O, you love-you-mother kid," shouted Ben gleefully.

By this time Harry had neared the fire. Evidently he did not understand, for he made no word of answer.

"Love-you-mother, love-you-mother," chimed the two boys as they walked out a little way to meet him. Even then Harry did not understand.

"Because I love you, mother, I saved a train," quoted Bob sneeringly. Then Harry knew.

"You sneaks!" he exclaimed; "I guess there's nothing you wouldn't do, is there?"

Turning away, he went towards the car.

"Ha, ha, that got under his skin," laughed Bob as the two went back toward the crowd by the fire.

"What's getting into you kids?" asked Joe Benson, a big mechanic.

"We got hold of the waterboy's diary," laughingly answered Bob. "He tells all his secrets in it—talks to his mother and to the Lord. Ha, ha!"

"And say," exclaimed Ben, "he says his prayers every night after he gets in his bunk; what do you know about that?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the two boys.

"On every page," Bob put in, "he's got 'I love you, mother.'"

Then he lifted his voice to a shout so that Harry in the car might hear him: "Hi, there; O, love-you-mother; O, love-you—"

He stopped short, for old Mike Dugan had him by the neck.

"Say, look here, you rat," said Mike, "we'll stand fer a whole lot of nonsense from you kids, but you're goin' too far this time. All of us have had mothers, an' there's some of us ain't fergettin' it, even if we have forgot what a prayer sounds like. Now, you take that and keep yer mouth shut fer awhile."

And he boxed Bob on the ear.

"Bump the little beggars' heads together," suggested Tim McDonald from the other side of the fire.

"I will that if I hear another word like them last," said Mike.

Bob and Ben squatted down to one side, sullen and silent.

"I ain't much for sentiment, myself," said Dave Collins, a raw-boned, ungainly workman of about forty years, "but I'd knock the head off the man that passed an insult to my old mother

—er he'd knock mine off It'd be a finish fer one of us."

"Me, too," put in Joe Bowring.

Meanwhile, Harry had gone into the car, his cheeks burning with anger and indignation. Finding the little diary, which the boys had thrown carelessly back into the bunk, he slipped it inside the bosom of his shirt. Then leaning out of the car window he gazed at the crowd of men around the fire. The flames threw grotesque flickerings over their faces. In that evening stillness, their words came distinctly to him.

"My mother has been dead over forty years," old Jim Turner, the oldest man in the crowd, was saying. "I never saw her after I ran away from home when I was a kid of fourteen. She was a widow then and it was my place to stand by her. But I thought I knew it all, and I went away and left her. She died of a broken heart, they told me when I went back ten or twelve years later. I'd killed her, boys,—killed her just as much as if I had struck her dead at my feet—only it was a slower and more painful death."

Here old Jim drew the back of his rough, gnarled hand across his eyes; and if the light had been stronger it might have been seen that there were tears in the eyes of more than one man in the crowd.

"I've been a pretty rough chap since then," old Jim went on, "but I guess I'm not bad all the way through; for, boys, I ain't ashamed to say that I go

down on my knees whenever I get alongside my mother's grave, even to this day."

"You're all right, Jim, old boy," said one of his companions sympathetically, "and if there is a heaven out there the other side of the stars, as we used to hear in Sunday School, there's at least one angel that's a-waitin' for you and gettin' a place fixed up for you when you come—you can bank on that."

Then the talk changed to other things.

Harry, leaning out of the window of the car, was thrilled at what he had heard, and his heart went out to the old man who, after many years, had kept the memory of his mother's love enshrined as the one bright star in his lonely life. Drawing the diary out of his shirt, Harry went over to the smoky and ill-smelling lamp at the end of the car and wrote:

"I believe every man loves his mother. He may forget about it sometimes, but it's there—away down deep in his heart, waiting for something to uncover it and make it brighten up strong and fresh as ever. Old Jim loves his mother; and he is a rough old man—nearly sixty years. He thinks he's forgot how to pray—but he gets down on his knees whenever he goes to his mother's grave. *Mother*—that's a holy name. To a boy it ought to be the most sacred word in the language."

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

The bread that giveth strength I want to give;
The water pure that bids the thirsty drink;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer cruel doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

A Youthful Defender.

It was in room 2, eighth grade, in the Darwin school, Logan Square, Chicago, Illinois, where fourteen hundred children were in attendance. The History class of fifty-four members was discussing Western Development and Migration. The subject of the "Mormon" migration came up. Talking to the class, the teacher said that all new religious sects were more or less persecuted, so the "Mormons," who originated in Illinois, were driven from city to city until Joseph Smith, who started their religion, was killed and they were driven West and finally settled in Utah.

When the teacher completed this statement Blanche Ellsworth, who with her little sisters Ruth, seven, and Helen, four, were the only "Mormons" in the fourteen hundred children, raised her hand and begged the teacher's pardon, saying, the "Mormons" didn't start in Illinois but in New York State.

The teacher, who was very fair-minded and seemed over anxious that the children should get the truth in their history work, asked Blanche to stand up and tell the class what she knew of "Mormonism," adding that perhaps a little of the prejudice that existed even among the children might be allayed. She said, "Blanche is the daughter of the minister of the 'Mormon' Church in Logan Square and so we are privileged to have someone with us who can tell us more about this subject."

Blanche trembled from head to foot but she prayed hard to be able to tell them what she wanted to. She realized her position. She loved the teacher and the fifty-four children in her class and she wanted them to know the truth about her people. She commenced by telling them that Joseph Smith was not born in Illinois, neither was the "Mormon"

Church started in Illinois; that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord and that he was born in Vermont and lived in New York State. She was sure of this because while he lived in New York State the Angel Moroni came to him and showed him the Hill Cumorah where the Book of Mormon was hid and the Hill Cumorah is in the State of New York. Joseph Smith didn't start the "Mormon" Church; the Lord started it. Joseph Smith went to the woods to pray to find out which of all the churches was true and while he prayed, the Lord and His Son, Jesus Christ, came down and talked to him, and Jesus Christ said none of the churches was really true "but if you are faithful the true church will be established through you." The "Mormons" believe that our Father in heaven is a personal God. "You see we know it because He came to Joseph Smith and Joseph Smith saw Him and talked to Him and Joseph told us that he was a man, and that Jesus Christ, too, was a man like we are. We believe, also, that everybody has to be baptized by immersion."

The teacher said, "What does that mean?"

Blanche said, "It means to be put in the water all over like the Savior was but this has to be done by the one who has the right to do it and we believe that "Mormons," having the necessary priesthood, have that right."

The teacher said, "Blanche, why do they call you 'Mormons'?"

Blanche said, "That is because of the Book of Mormon; but we are not 'Mormons,' we are the Church of Jesus Christ, because we believe just the same as Jesus Christ taught. When he talked to Joseph Smith He told him He was going to bring the old church back and that its name must be Jesus Christ because it was His Church. You see it was Jesus Christ who was talking to Joseph Smith."

The teacher said, "I visited Utah and was taken through the Temple and Tabernacle grounds. I have a Book of Mormon and a great deal of literature that they gave me at the Bureau of Information and they told me there that your Church was called after a prophet but I have hunted my Bible through and through and I can't find a prophet named 'Mormon.'"

"Oh, no; Mormon is not a prophet in the Bible; he is a prophet in the Book of Mormon. He was the last prophet the Lord let live to put all the plates of the Book of Mormon together and to hide them in the Hill Cumorah; and so they call us "Mormons" because of this prophet in the Book of Mormon and this Book of Mormon is the history of the fathers of the American Indians."

A little boy in the room spoke up and said, "Say, the 'Mormons' have lots of wives, don't they, Blanche?"

Then Blanche explained that her people had formerly believed in and practiced plural marriage, but as the

government of the United States had passed laws against it the practice of it had been discontinued.

The teacher explained to the class the meaning of polygamy; poly meaning more than one and gamy meaning marriage. She explained also the meaning of monogamy, meaning one wife.

Then the teacher explained that the "Mormons," being driven to a new country, were essentially a home building people, and that by practicing polygamy they were able to establish more homes and build up the West. She said, "Is this right, Blanche?"

Blanche said, "Yes I believe it is but God told them to do it."

The teacher then explained that Brigham Young was really the father of irrigation, that the "Mormons" had a different system of irrigation than any other people; that they built reservoirs in the mountains and stored the water and when they needed it they let it out in little ditches through their farms.

Blanche told them that Brigham Young was another prophet of the Lord who took the lead of the "Mormon" Church after the Prophet Joseph had been killed and that the Lord taught him irrigation and that He also taught him to build the tabernacle roof without nails and that it was the largest building in the world that was not supported by columns and the Temple was built so that when electricity was discovered they had very little trouble in wiring it.

The teacher explained that when she was in Salt Lake this tabernacle that Blanche spoke of was so constructed that if a pin were dropped from the pulpit you could hear it in the farthest part of the room.

The teacher asked why they called the men elders and Blanche said, "We call our missionaries elders but we have in our Church elders, priests, teachers and deacons, just the same as Christ had in His Church when He was on earth."



BLANCHE ELLSWORTH.

Altogether it was a very profitable experience to Blanche and if it did no good whatever to the teacher or the children it gave Blanche positive proof that the Lord had heard and answered

her prayers in time of need and even though it came in a child's language every statement that she uttered carried with it a fundamental truth of the restored Gospel.

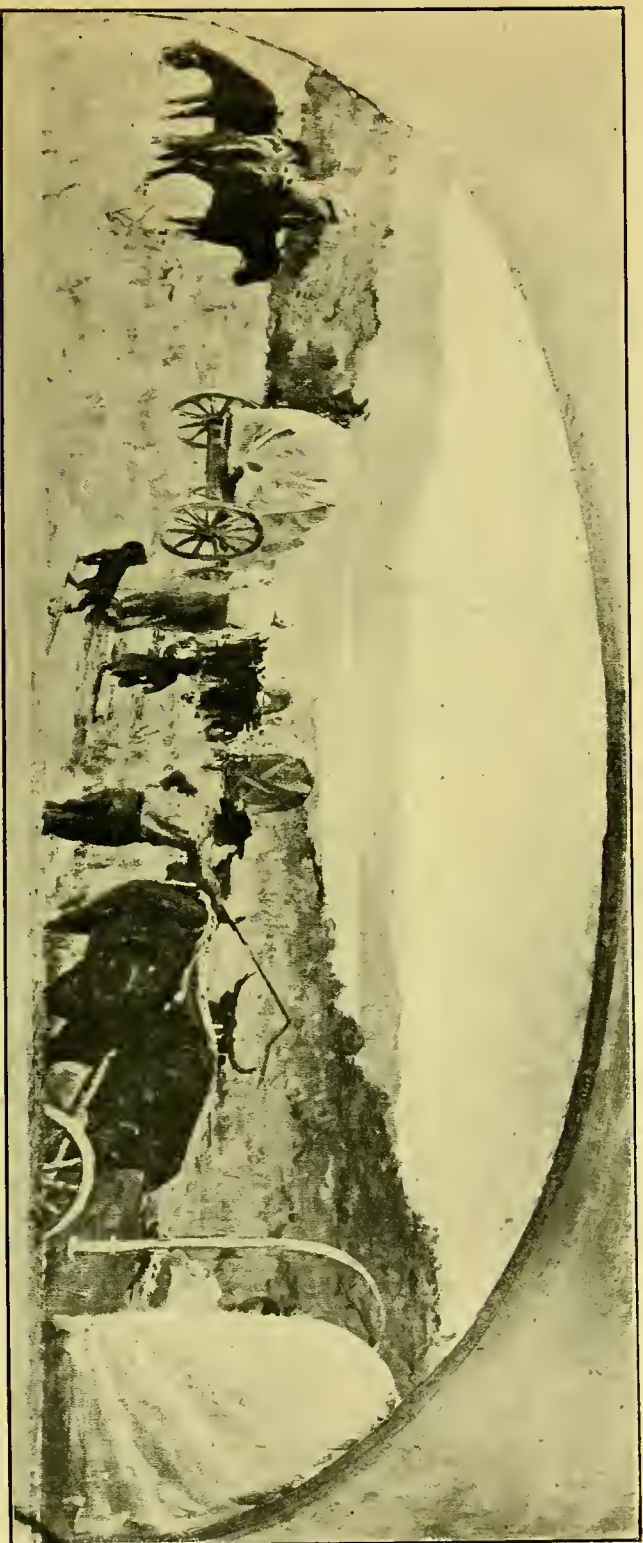
To Learn to Love to Farm.

By Dr. J. M. Tanner.

God made man a lover, and if there is any place in life where man, who is not a lover, may be successful, it is certainly not on the farm. It is love that makes man equal to the highest duties and vocations of life. Some measure of love is given to every man. Love like a thousand other good things in the world must be learned, and whatever quality of love we need most we must cultivate by thoughtful devotion.

But how shall the young man learn to love the farm? Love is a sort of essence of the saturated soul. One's thoughts, feelings, hopes and aspirations should thoroughly fill one's soul if one succeeds in any given occupation. In the beginning our inclinations toward any calling may be merely a mental attitude, but as we read and think, and think and read, our thoughts overflow and they fill our hearts with love for that which has been the object of our thinking. To learn to love to farm one should read books, inspirational books, informational books, scientific books. I once heard a man say that although he had a number of boys, not one who indulged freely in the reading of novels ever learned to love to farm. It is not the practical farm, the real farm, that such writers deal with. It is the farm where fairies live and sport about in their wild eccentric delights. Today we have a new kind of literature, a literature that goes more directly into the real nature of man in the material things about him. After all, why should we know more about the song bird of some foreign land, than we do about

the domestic fowl? Why should we read about ferns and never study the blade of grass? Why should mosses interest us more than grain? It is the perverted condition of life which we have inherited through the system of education made up largely of foreign ideals. Gladstone is reported to have said that it was the axe, the tree and the forest that made his old age as joyful to him as his youth had been. Books today are making men as they have never made them before. And so we may change the old adage and say: "Tell me the books you read, and I will tell you what you are." To read books is only one step in the acquisition of love. We must do the things about which we read. We must feel the touch of inspiration which the soil gives to every man who honestly and diligently tills it. We must feel the thrill that comes from the response of nature when it consents to our wooing, and yields constantly to our love. The plow is the instrumentality of man's communication with nature. The man who intelligently rides it, feels the thrill of joyful satisfaction that the buggy, the street car, even the automobile can never give. When we love to farm and we read in farm literature most wholesome lessons of correct living we become in some measure philosophers,—philosophers of the higher and better life. Somehow or other nature on the farm introduces us to God and His provinces in a manner unknown to any other vocation in life. Blessed indeed is he who learns to love to farm.



PIONEERS ENTERING SALT LAKE VALLEY, 1847.

Sketch by J. Leo Fairbanks, for a proposed mural decoration for the Utah State Capitol.

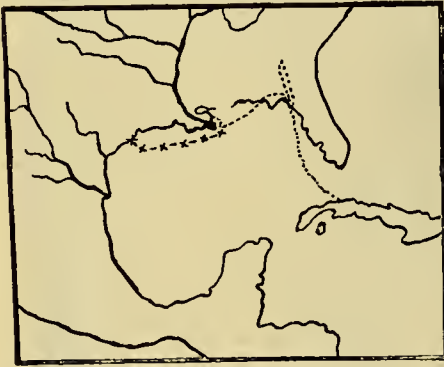
This sketch represents the first train entering Salt Lake Valley over the "Hog's Back" from which position the second glimpse of the valley was obtained. There were no roads and the teamsters had to pick their way through brush and rocks over the steep hill-sides. To depict the willing sacrifice and endurance, a woman with her children walk up the hill to relieve the team of part of its burden. On the left, one of the scouts, who had returned, points out to an escort-guard, the chosen site for the city and explains the water courses, the lake, and advantages of the new Desert Home.

Notes on Our History.

By D. W. Parratt.

VII—For Gold on the Great Barrier.

Wealth nearly always creates a desire for more wealth. Land, labor and capital are prominent factors in the production of wealth. For a long time, especially during the sixteenth century, Spain was abundantly blessed with these three factors. At that time her cities were centers of trade, art and learning. Her iron and copper industries thrived and she manufactured wines, carpets and curtains in considerable quantities. She was the most fertile part of Europe and consequently agriculture held a prominent place among her activities. But while Spain



Dotted line indicates the travels of Narvaez. Dash and cross line indicates the drift journey of De Vaca.

was the richest nation in the world at that time her great resources seemed to only whet her appetite for more wealth. Urged on by this desire, she endeavored time and again to find a short commercial route to the rich regions of Asia. After Columbus discovered the West Indies he made further attempts to find the famous centers of Asiatic wealth and other navigators, pursuing instructions from Spain, sought along the coasts of both South and North America for clues leading to the same places. However it was not till the year 1522, when the remnants of Magellan's company had gone around the southern end of South America, across the mighty Pa-

cific, and on around the world, that Europeans began to realize that there existed an immense body of water between America, what was then thought to be Asia, and Asia itself. They thereafter became gradually aware of the fact that the marvelous country pictured by Marco Polo so long before was at a much greater distance than had been computed. Explorers slowly but surely became cognizant of the big mistake in searching for centers of silk, spices and precious stones in the land discovered by Columbus. This extensive continent thereafter appeared upon maps in a crude way as a great barrier between Europe and the coveted trade center of the Orient.

In the light of these new discoveries efforts were bent toward finding a profitable shipping route through the great barrier and on to Asia. The distance taken by Magellan and his survivors was too long and round-about. Could not a shorter way be found? Former explorations demonstrated that no such passage way could be had through South America or Mexico and consequently attention was turned northward. England, France and Holland all became competitors with Spain in the search for an opening through North America. In this connection we are all aware of the work of Cartier, Champlain, Hudson and the two Cabots.

Among the Spaniards to take part in these early explorations along the coast of North America was one Alvarez de Pineda who in 1519 gained the distinction of being the first European to discover and sail upon the mighty Mississippi. Just how far up the river his ships went is not on record but certain it is that after a considerable journey up stream he encountered a number of Indian villages. In giving account of his travels, Pineda makes mention of these prosperous Indians and incidently refers to some golden ornaments worn by them. To

the Spaniards in Cuba these stories were extremely interesting, especially that part suggesting the presence of gold. The Spaniard was ever on the alert for signs of the butter-colored precious metal.

Probably these stories appealed to none other as they did to Panfilo de Narvaez. Seven years earlier than this Narvaez led an army into Mexico to bring Cortes to account for insubordination and he then learned from Cortes' soldiers of vast quantities of gold at Montezuma's capital. Most of Narvaez's men upon hearing of this gold deserted him and went back to Mexico City with Cortes, leaving Narvaez to return almost empty handed to Cuba. This experience, however, convinced Narvaez of the success of Cortes' expedition and undoubtedly made Narvaez long for a like opportunity for conquest with such rich returns in gold and glory. We are not, then, surprised to know that as soon as the accounts of Indian villages and wealth as depicted by Pineda reached the anxious ears of Narvaez, preparations were begun for an expedition similar to the one headed by Cortes but for the purpose of invading the Mississippi valley. But it was not till 1528 that Narvaez left Cuba with his four hundred men and eighty horses to conquer Indians and procure gold. The company with flying colors landed at Apalache Bay and then marched inland for days and days, searching constantly for expected wealth. After a tiring, fruitless journey, the soldiers returned but were unable to locate their ships which were left sailing to and fro awaiting the army's return. For one long, dreary month Narvaez led his men westward along the sea shore, hoping to sight the ships. At last, in desperation, they built five frail boats with which to make their escape homeward or else westward to Mexico. No nails, spikes, or tools for boat-making were at hand, so metal spurs, bridle bits, pieces of armor, and the like had to be used for these purposes.

The flesh of the horses served as food for the soldiers, while the skins, manes, and tails provided material for ropes and cords for the boats. Shirts, coats, and saddle blankets were converted into sails. Timber, of course, was had in abundance.

Thus in the five rudely constructed raft-like boats the army drifted upon the gulf. Their course was westward, and on and on they went, trusting to find some camp of fellow Spaniards in Mexico. Along they coasted for many days, when finally, while crossing the Mississippi current, the boats became separated. The one bearing Narvaez landed safely, two were drifted seaward, and the other two continued westward. After several days of storm the latter two drifted apart and one stranded itself upon an island which became named the island of Ill Luck or Malhado, situated a little north of the mouth of the San Antonio River, off the coast of Texas. Shortly afterward this boat was capsized and floated into oblivion upon the wide bosom of the gulf. The men, however, managed to get to the island again, where friendly treatment awaited them from the natives. A few days passed when some of the men from the other ship, which likewise drifted to this island and then had to be abandoned, put in an unexpected appearance and raised the total number of Spaniards thus stranded to about forty. The commander of the capsized boat was Avar Munez Cabeza de Vaca, a trusty man, the treasurer of Narvaez's gold-getting expedition, and the man who later encountered many varied experiences incident to his long walk in search of fellow countrymen somewhere in the far west. Narvaez's expedition was a blank failure so far as gold is concerned, but the difficulties encountered in a roundabout way started De Vaca on his famous inland journey which finally resulted in having considerable to do with the first discovery of what is now Utah.



Editorial Thoughts.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - AUGUST, 1914

Our Responsibility.*

I have been asked to speak to you today on the subject of our responsibility. It will be necessary for us to analyze this matter a little bit if we are to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to what our responsibility really is. In the first place, we are under very heavy

obligations as members of society. Living with other people as we do, we are necessarily under social responsibility to every other member of the group to which we belong. If it were possible, for example, for any individual in the world to live by himself, if he could go to the top of the mountain and be there alone, he would not be under social responsibility. If it were possible for him to live under such conditions he could do almost as he pleased. No one would know anything about his life but himself, he could injure no one but himself, his violation of law would do no injury to others, and as long as he remained there on the top of the mountain he could do as he pleased. However, we do not live in this isolated way, and because of the fact that we are members of society we are under definite and specific responsibility to our fellows. We are coming to understand that no person can do injury to himself alone as long as he lives with others. When one is injured, all are injured and, indeed, we may say that we are our "brothers' keepers." Such, in brief, is our social responsibility.

In addition to our social responsibility we, as workers in this organization, have assumed certain specific responsibilities as members of a specialized group. We have been called to do a definite work as members of this organization and the acceptance of the call carries with it the definite responsibility of our work as teachers. No one can do an important work well without realizing its importance and having accepted the definite responsibilities which go with our positions, it is our duty as men and women to do our work in the very best way possi-

*Remarks by Dr. E. G. Gowans at the Union of the North Weber Stake, July 21st, 1914.

ble, and if this be not our intention, we should not assume the responsibility.

You are educated, you possess trained minds, and you recognize the need of training others; you have undertaken the actual work of training others; you are assuming, in this organization, to direct the course of training provided for a group of young people who have been placed under your immediate care; that is some responsibility. Compare your responsibility with that of the physician, for example, who has been called into the family for the purpose of directing the treatment of a child afflicted with some contagious disease. He realizes that confidence has been placed in him, otherwise he would not have been called upon to render service; he realizes that the continuation of a human life depends largely upon the way in which he does his work; he realizes that it is necessary for him to give particular attention to the individual case before him in order that he may meet the responsibility thus placed upon him. Now, is his responsibility in such a case any greater than your responsibility as teachers? Is it possible that the continuation of the life of the body is of such great importance as to overshadow the importance of the development and training of the mind and soul? Do you good teachers realize that you are called upon to do a vastly more important work so far as the individual child is concerned than the physician is called upon to do? The physician senses his responsibility, the members of the family become alarmed the physician himself sometimes becomes alarmed; he consults his books, he burns the midnight oil to acquaint himself with the facts bearing upon the case, he searches the literature of the subject, he feels the responsibility of saving the life of the child. Should we as teachers not feel our responsibility as keenly as he and be as earnest in our efforts to meet it?

I sometimes feel that in the work which we have assumed, we do not

seriously undertake to qualify ourselves for the responsibility which rests upon us. What is the use of life at all if it is to be warped, twisted and destroyed? Why should a child come into the world if it cannot have a fair chance to grow up to full maturity and to develop under the most favorable circumstances that we can establish? What is the purpose of our existence? What is the purpose of our Sunday Schools? Our Church? Education? Government? There is but one great purpose in all these things and that is to bring children up to full maturity as perfectly as possible in order that the next generation shall be better than the one which preceded it. Putting it in another way, that purpose is the salvation of the human family. What is the human family to be saved from? It is to be saved, first, from sin. Will we do anything in the way of redeeming the world from sin unless we start in right at home and redeem ourselves from sin? Have you ever thought that the responsibility you have assumed in training others means first, that you train yourselves? Do you think that it is possible for you to develop in children any virtue unless you attempt in the best way you can to exemplify that virtue in your own lives? What does the work of a teacher amount to if she is not able to exemplify in her own life the characteristics she attempts to develop in the minds of her pupils? Nothing at all. This in itself constitutes a great part of our responsibility.

Sometimes we permit ourselves to think that the work of redeeming the world, of saving the human family, is going to be done in some marvelous, wonderful way. When we were children it was quite natural for us to hold such views, but as we come to be men and women we get a different point of view, and we realize that the world will be saved, that the human family will progress toward redemption by natural principles, that it is only as the individual members of the race

progress and are saved that the race itself is brought to salvation. Now, it is going to be done in a very natural way, and we are called upon in this organization to do a definite part of the work. We must set about the work of saving ourselves if we are to assist in the salvation of others. We must overcome the things in our lives that we want our children to overcome in their lives. We must correct that which is wrong in our lives so as to be able to correct the wrong tendencies in the lives of our children. We must understand that we are responsible for the training and direction of a definite number of children, those who have been placed in our class, and that these children are growing, changing, developing and becoming something today which they were not yesterday, that they will be something tomorrow which they are not today, and we must realize that we are all under the heavy responsibility of constantly increasing our efficiency as teachers and workers in the Sunday School.

What are we doing now to increase our efficiency? I realize that we are devoting our attention very carefully to the preparation of our lessons, going over the outlines, writing out questions, qualifying ourselves so far as the mere lessons are concerned to give them in a creditable way, but what are we doing for the purpose of making ourselves more efficient teachers of these young people? We must become better teachers each Sunday than we were the Sunday before. We ought to seek to know more about children. We ought to know something about the way in which children's minds develop, the various stages through which they pass in changing from childhood to manhood and womanhood. We should know something in a comprehensive way of the psychology of child life. Without this knowledge we cannot adapt our instructions to the capabilities of our children. We must know the prevailing activities of children at different ages and in particular at the

age at which we handle them. It would be very foolish to take a group of little children and attempt to instruct them as though they were ten or fifteen years older, or to take a group of old people and attempt to instruct them as if they were children. Of course we all have enough of the teaching instinct to measurably well adapt our instruction to the capacities of our pupils, but this adaptation should be based upon more accurate knowledge on our part. A study of the lives of young people just when they are most difficult to handle in Sunday School will reveal the fact that their social activities are predominating in their lives and that through these activities more can be done for them than in any other way. I was delighted to hear the announcement made that you are going to have an outing and to hear the invitation extended to all the children and their parents to come and join with you in the fun. I wonder if you realize the opportunity that will be presented to you to secure a beneficial influence over your children on this particular occasion, the opportunity you will have in a social way of getting hold of them and directing them to do the things you want them to do. At that particular time in their lives we can do more through the agency of their social activities than in any other way.

The question was asked me the other day, "What would you do with a group of boys in Sunday School thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen years old who come to school but who will do nothing; who come into the class but will not read or take active part; who answer that they cannot read; and who are disrespectful especially to lady teachers?" It is quite impossible to answer questions of this kind. No one knows what he would do nor can he know until he is actually confronted with the situation. I would do something, however; I would accept the boy's challenge whether the boy is inclined to be a "smart Alec" or not, and

the first thing I would do would be to gather information upon which to make a diagnosis. I would find out what is the matter with the boy. I would cultivate his acquaintance. I would invite him to my home, find out what particular books he likes best and the things he likes to do, and after finding out these things I would outline a plan of treatment. Referring again to the illustration of the physician, he does not know exactly what he is going to do when he is called to see a child suffering from an attack of scarlet fever. No two children are affected exactly alike; he realizes this and does not know specifically what he is going to do until he makes a careful, thorough examination and satisfies himself as to the exact condition of the child. He has to know specifically the conditions of the child's circulatory system, his nervous system, his digestive system and know the variations from normal which present themselves in the particular case with which he is dealing. As soon as he has secured this information, then, but not until then, he knows what to do. Wise is the teacher who proceeds in this careful, painstaking scientific way before rushing in to a plan of treatment without proper consideration, and fortunate is the child who is blessed with such a teacher. This is the time in life when treatment must be given and with great care. You teachers have not forgotten when you were in this particular stage of your own development. You remember how you felt, how you wanted to do as you pleased, how you felt that your parents did not have any right to restrain you, and that you ought to be permitted to live your own lives. It is very fortunate in your own cases that you chose to do right, but many do not so choose, and this fact indicates a certain mental attitude towards life at that particular time which requires on the part of parents and teachers the very finest kind of treatment. I would attempt to come

into close personal relationship with the difficult child, win his confidence, make him love me if possible, and after securing such hold upon him I would direct his activities in such a way as to be beneficial to him. If he be a leader and be influential with his gang, to win him is to win the gang; to convert him to the idea of forming a club is to convert his whole gang. I would form a club, I would study what the boys liked best to study, I would make myself absolutely necessary to them and when that work is accomplished, my Sunday School trouble would be over.

In conclusion, I want to say that in addition to qualifying ourselves for our work, to realizing the responsibility we have assumed in undertaking it, and in addition to endeavoring to increase our individual efficiency, we must be seriously minded about the matter and get down to work. We must not be satisfied with anything short of the very best that we can do. There is a wonderful satisfaction in the feeling that we have done the best we could under the circumstances. I know something of your difficulties, that the temptations are great, that you have been so busy all week with other things, that sometimes the Sunday School work is forgotten until Sunday morning, and you begin hunting frantically for the JUVENILE to see what the outline is; but there is really no good reason why you cannot sidetrack some of the unimportant things and devote a portion of your time, held sacred for that purpose, for the work which means the salvation of the boys and girls placed in your care. You remember the saying that "he who would save his life must lose it." The only way in which we can save our lives is to lose them in devotion to the work of saving others, and it is only as we give up our lives in such service that we realize the ideal of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.



Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR SEPTEMBER.

While of these emblems we partake
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure,
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Beatitudes.

Matthew 5:3-12.

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
12. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans.

To Stake and Ward Supervisors of Parents' Classes:

Reports have reached the General Board that Bulletin No. 1, entitled "Recreation and Play," has not yet reached a great number of outlying wards, and that consequently the parents in such wards have had no opportunity to consider the various subjects discussed in the bulletin. Even in stakes and wards where these matters have been taken up for consideration, it has been urged that the time has been insufficient to adequately present the topics, much less to shape them into such tangible action as would make them useful to the different local communities.

Beneficial results are of course the great and primary purpose of all discussion in parents' classes. Without securing results, through which the interests of the home and of the community will be advanced, the discussions are valueless and become merely "waves that reach no shore." Hence, it would be well for Stake Supervisors to keep in close touch with the topics discussed, and especially with the practical action which should follow such discussion.

The General Board believes the subjects discussed in the recently issued bulletin are of paramount importance at the present time. They deserve not only careful consideration by the various parents' classes, but should become of great community value if persistently followed up and adapted to local conditions.

For these reasons, the General Board has deemed it wise to continue the consideration of the subjects contained in Bulletin No. 1 for the remainder of the year. We trust that in this conclusion we shall continue to have the hearty cooperation of Stake Supervisors and Ward Supervisors of Parents Classes. The bulletin should be secured immediately, and as far as possible placed in the hands of every parent, in order that every topic may receive not only public discussion, but also the greater advantage of thoughtful consideration in the quietude of the home.

Praying the Lord to add His blessings to your efforts in forwarding the

great cause of Parents Classes, we remain,

Your brethren in the Gospel,
HENRY H. ROLAPP,
HOWARD R. DRIGGS,
NATHAN T. PORTER,
E. G. GOWANS.

Sunday, September 6th.

Lesson 31. Calendar Subject—The Opening of the Schools.

There could be no better time to discuss the relationship of the home to the school than at the beginning of the school year. There is a tendency on the part of parents, at times, to shift certain duties on to the shoulders of the public school teachers, and a tendency on the part of teachers to ignore the conditions, social and otherwise, which obtain in the home. Both tendencies are wrong. A live discussion of these and related subjects to which the teachers may well be invited can be made very profitable.

Sunday, September 13th.

Lesson 32.

A review of the work outlined for the Parents' Class Department for the months of May and June as it appeared in the April and May numbers of the JUVENILE. Every member of the Parents' classes should have access to Parents' Bulletin No. 1 in order that the class work may be successful.

Sunday, September 20th.

Lesson 33.

A review of the work outlined for the Parents' Class Department for the months of July and August as it appeared in the June and July numbers of the JUVENILE.

There are so many classes behind in the work that these two review lessons have been provided to enable us to get together. Those classes which have finished the outline to date will be able to review the points which seem most important or which can be applied best locally, while those classes which are behind will have these two Sundays in which to finish up the work as outlined. We will all thus be prepared to proceed with the October work together.

Sunday, September 27th.

Lesson 34—Local Subject.

Theological Department.

Milton Bennion, Chairman; John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., and Elias Conway Ashton.

Second Year—The Apostolic Age.

[Prepared by John Henry Evans.]

The lessons for September cover the several trials of Paul before the Jewish and Roman authorities and the attendant incidents. It will be noticed that the narrative of these events is not only consecutive but detailed. Professor Ramsey thinks that, in the opinion of Luke, this part of the story of the Acts and what follows is the most important, and he gives as his reason the fact that this part is given in greater detail than the part which precedes.

If this is not the case, he continues, "if the large space devoted to this period is not deliberately intended by the author as proportionate to its importance, then the work lacks one of the prime qualities of a great history. It is essential to our purpose to establish that we are now approaching the real climax, and that what has hitherto been narrated leads up to the great event of the whole work."

Professor Ramsey has an interesting comment on the finances of the trials, which furnishes a side light on Paul. The apostle, he thinks, had "considerable command of money" during these years. The reasons for this opinion he gives as follows: A poor man would not have been treated "with such marked respect as was certainly paid to Paul, at Caesarea, on the voyage, and in Rome. The governor Felix and his wife, the Princess Drusilla, accorded him an interview and private conversation. King Agrippa and his Queen Bernice also desired to see him. A poor man never receives such attentions, or arouses such interest. Moreover, Felix hoped for a bribe from him, and a rich Roman official did not look for a small gift. Paul, therefore, wore the outward appearance of a man of means, like one in a position to bribe a Roman procurator. The minimum in the way of personal attendants that was allowable for a man of respectable position, was two slaves; and Paul was believed to be attended by two slaves to serve him. At Caesarea he was confined in the palace of Herod; but he had to live, to maintain two attendants, and to keep up a respectable appearance. Many comforts, which are almost necessities, would be given by the guards, so

long as they were kept in good humor, and it is expensive to keep guards in good humor. In Rome he was able to hire a lodging for himself and to live there, maintaining, of course, the soldiers who guarded him. An appeal to the supreme court could not be made by everybody that chose. Such an appeal had to be permitted and sent forward by the provisional governor; and only a serious case would be entertained. But the case of a very poor man was never esteemed as serious; and there is little doubt that the citizen's right of appeal to the Emperor was hedged in by fees and pledges. There is always one law for the rich man and another for the poor; at least, to this extent, that many claims can be successfully pushed by a rich man in which a poor man would have no chance of success. In appealing to the Emperor, Paul was choosing undoubtedly an expensive line of trial.*

"The official residence of the procurators of Judea was Caesarea, a city built by Herod the Great, named for the emperor, and adorned with a splendid temple for his worship. When Paul was brought a prisoner to Caesarea, the palace of Herod, which was now the residence of the procurator, was occupied by Antoninus Felix. He had been appointed by Claudius, and according to Josephus in the twelfth year of that emperor, hence in 52 A. D. He was married to Drusilla, daughter of Agrippa I, whom he had alienated from her husband Azizus by means of the wiles of a certain magician named Simon. This woman and her only son, Agrippa, perished in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. Felix had been a slave, and Tacitus says that he retained the temper of a slave after he had been set free and clothed with great power. He was a man of lust and blood. The only remedy which he had for the disorders and crimes of Judea was force. He crucified great numbers of robbers, but this seemed to intensify the bitterness of the Jews toward Rome."†

Question: When Paul, before the sanhedrin, declared himself to be a Pharisee thus dividing that body of men, did he do a wise thing? Why do you think so?

*"St. Paul the Traveller," pp. 310-13.

†"Students' Life of Paul" Gilbert.

Fourth Year—Lessons for September

In continuing the discussion of the doctrine of the Resurrection, it is to be noted that some important non-Christian religions and pagan philosophies, have held that the body is necessarily bad, the source of all evil, and that it is, therefore, to be despised and suppressed until the spirit becomes entirely free from it. The Christian doctrine of the resurrection is at once a renunciation of this view. It was, therefore, inconsistent for professed Christians to develop the ascetic life so dominant, as an ideal, in the Middle Ages, and even earlier in the history of Christianity. This is one evidence that the church fathers and mediaeval saints were influenced more by pagan than by real Christian thought. The perfect man is the complete man, body and spirit, not half a man, but the body is to be purified and sanctified and made the glorified instrument of the spirit.

The two following lessons on immortality, including pre-existence and the degrees of glory in the hereafter, offer boundless opportunities for harmonizing the gospel with right and reason. The immortality of the spirit, at least, if not of the body also, has been the general opinion of the most progressive races of mankind. This opinion is abundantly supported by scripture and also by the greatest thinkers among men. The advocates of this doctrine have, however, always to contend with a type of materialism that has had some currency from the time of Democritus. This view of the soul as mortal was popularized in ancient times by the Epicureans, whose shallow teachings were taken up and adopted by many of the more lax and corrupt of the upper class in Rome. These views were revised with modifications by Thomas Hobbes in England near the beginning of modern times. They were given wide currency in France in the eighteenth century, and became very popular with the social democracy

in Germany in the nineteenth century. It is to be noted that these movements often represent a reaction against everything that is, and a desire to produce a revolution in government, society, and religion—a revolution that is largely destructive in its nature. In opposition to this the most profound and constructive thinkers in history have maintained that mind is the great eternal reality—the power that determines the order and destiny of the universe, which without mind would be nothing, or only chaos. It is a great mistake to suppose that mankind has outgrown this mode of thought. As it has been the thought of the greatest minds of the past, so is it the thought of the greatest minds of today, Thomas Edison to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Edison is a great authority on electricity, but why should his opinion on human immortality have greater weight than the opinion of other men. The fact that it is, by some, given more weight is another illustration of the fallacy of quoting a man as authority on any subject whatever, because he happens to be a great authority in one field.

The great minds of today who have pondered most profoundly on the nature and meaning of the universe, and the significance of the life of man, have generally upheld the doctrine of immortality in a most thoroughgoing manner. If we are to cite authorities outside the field of theology, these should be appealed to. This, to be sure, is a question that cannot be thus settled. Every individual must settle his own convictions for himself through appeal to faith and reason. The scriptural references especially are offered as a support to faith and the facts here discussed may be worthy of consideration. They are published because of a popular opinion that it is unscientific to believe in the immortality of the soul. The particular sciences neither prove nor disprove this doctrine, but a rational consideration of all science and human experience lends support to the teachings of theology.

Second Intermediate Department.

Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds, J. Leo Fairbanks.

Second Year—Lessons for September

[Prepared by Sister Bertha Irvine, Liberty Stake.]

Lesson 61. A Message from Heaven.

Teacher's Text: II Nephi 9. 10.

Predominant thought: The more righteous part of the people "they who re-

ceived the prophets and stoned them not, they who had not shed the blood of the saints," were the ones who were greatly blessed and favored of the Lord.

Review happenings narrated in last lesson.

Lesson statement (assigned to individuals):

1. A voice from heaven (III Nephi 9:1-3).

2. The extent of the destruction (III Nephi 9:4-12).

3. Jesus calls all to repentance (III Nephi 9:13-22).

4. Effect of Jesus' words (III Nephi 10:1-2).

5. Jesus ready to shelter those who come to Him (III Nephi 10:3-7).

6. The darkness dispelled (III Nephi 10:9-11).

7. The righteous rejoice (III Nephi 10:12-19).

Suggestions and supplementary material: Topic 1. The voice heard by the distressed inhabitants of this land in the midst of the terrible noises that were taking place evidently had power to reach them above all the tumult. Jesus bears testimony of the pleasure of Satan in the downfall of those who follow him.

Topic 2. Note that sixteen great cities are mentioned by the Savior as having been destroyed. Locate them as far as possible, and recall what we have learned of their history, etc. The Dictionary of the Book of Mormon gives a brief account of each. These were evidently the principal cities of both continents, and centers of great wickedness. The inhabitants had cast out the righteous and slain the prophets who sought to warn them. Relate story found in Genesis 18: 20-23 to show the power that the righteous have in the sparing of a city.

Topic 3. Note these points: The invitation of Jesus to come to Him—fulfillment of the law of Moses—why there was no more need to offer sacrifice and burnt offerings—what is meant by the offering of "a broken heart and contrite spirit?"

Topic 4. Evidently those who were spared were scattered all over North and South America, yet the message of the Savior was heard by all alike.

Topic 5. Discuss the meaning of verses 4 to 7. Compare with what Jesus said in His lament over Jerusalem (Matthew 23:37).

Topic 6. The three days of darkness upon this continent evidently continued from the time that Jesus died upon the cross at Calvary until His resurrection from the tomb. Then His voice was heard by the righteous inhabitants of this continent, and the darkness which had been so appalling was dispelled. With the light morning was turned to joy and thanksgiving. They indeed might have exclaimed, "Oh how bright the morning seems, brighter from so dark a night!" It was certainly the dawning of a happy time for them, the dawning of righteous-

ness and peace, such as had never been known.

Topic 7. Refer to the prophecies of the great events which had just taken place, to show their fulfillment. (See I Nephi 12:4, 5; 19:10-12; Helaman 14:20-27). Impress the thought that those who persecute and reject the prophets cannot expect to escape the punishment of the Lord, who in mercy sends these messengers to warn the wicked and if possible to turn them from their sins.

Lesson 62. Christ Appears in the Land Bountiful.

Teacher's Texts: III Nephi, 11th chapter; Story of Book of Mormon, 43rd chapter.

Setting: The land Bountiful. Locate on map. Try to imagine changes which had taken place in the earth's surface,—the chasms caused by the earthquakes—how the surrounding forests and fields would appear after the dreadful storms, etc. In Bountiful, the temple was spared, while no doubt many other buildings were destroyed.

Lesson Statement (assigned to pupils):

1. A voice from heaven. III Nephi 11:1-4.

2. The Father's testimony of Christ. III Nephi 11:5-7.

3. Jesus appears. III Nephi 11:8-12.

4. The multitude feel prints of wounds. III Nephi 11:13-17.

5. Nephi called. III Nephi 11:18-21.

6. Instructions on baptism. III Nephi 11:22-27.

Suggestions and Supplementary Material: Topic 1. It was after his ascension into heaven that Jesus manifested Himself to the people upon this continent, so it was more than forty days after the sign had been given of His death. It seems that quite a multitude had in that time gathered together in the land Bountiful, who had no doubt come from the surrounding places. All the people were not there, however, when Christ made His first appearance.

Topic 2. The voice they heard was a strange one, and the words uttered were so new to their ears that it took some time for them to comprehend the meaning and to realize that they were really to see Jesus. Compare with introduction of Jesus at the time He was baptized by John in Jordan, and at the time of His appearance to Joseph Smith.

Topic 3. Note the description given of the appearance of Jesus. He stood as a man in their midst, but the manner of His coming made them feel He was a heavenly being. It was only when He told them who He was that the great

truth dawned upon them. They knew now that they witnessed the fulfillment of the prophecies concerning Him. Jesus refers to the "bitter cup." Read John 18:11 for explanation. When the realization came to the people that their Lord and their Redeemer was with them, the desire to worship Him filled their hearts, and they therefore bowed themselves before Him.

Topic 4. Recall the events of the crucifixion, showing the cause of the wounds in the hands and feet and side of Jesus. Make as impressive as possible the picture of the multitude going forth one by one to touch Jesus, and thus to become witnesses of His resurrection. Imagine their feelings in doing this. No wonder the glad cry of Hosanna arose with one accord. Have the pupils repeat, "Hosanna, blessed be the name of the Most High God," while trying to imagine the great joy of the Nephites in knowing that Jesus was in their midst.

Topic 5. Some events of Nephi's faithfulness might be recalled. He now received recognition of the Master whose will he had done in the midst of sore persecution. Jesus called him to still continue his labors as leader among the people, and renewed upon him the authority to baptize in His name.

Topic 6. Note the mode of baptism which Jesus gave, the words, etc. Compare with the form of baptism in our own Church, and with the form used by other Christian sects. Make the necessity of proper authority clear to the minds of the students.

(The teacher should make a careful study of verses 28 to 41, and impress the principal points in them upon the class).

Lesson 63. The Nephites are Taught by Jesus.

Teacher's Text: III Nephi 12, 13, 14.

Predominant Thought: Jesus has the same message for all people.

Review: What did Jesus teach about the mode of baptism? What is necessary before one has power to baptize? Whom did Jesus call first to Him? How many others did He call? What power was bestowed upon them?

Setting: Same as last lesson. Today's teachings are simply a continuation of our last lesson, and were given on the same day.

It is suggested that the following parts of the lesson be assigned to individual pupils, and that the remainder of the text be studied by the teacher with a view to giving the class the principal points:

1. The Beatitudes. III Nephi 12:3-12.
2. Alms-giving, prayer and fasting. III Nephi 13:1-18.
3. Treasures in heaven. III Nephi 13:19-21.
4. The servants of the Lord to trust in Him. III Nephi 13:25-34.
5. Hearing and doing. III Nephi 14:24-27.

Also have each of the following sayings of Jesus memorized by a pupil. III Nephi 12:15, 16; 12:44, 45; 12:48; 14:7; 14:12; 14:13, 14; 14:21.

After each topic and saying a brief discussion of the meaning would make an interesting lesson.

Suggestions for discussion to follow Beatitudes: Compare with those given in Matthew 5th chapter.

The poor in spirit are humble, obedient and loving,—those who accept the Gospel. Compare with proud and haughty. Story of Lazarus (Luke 16:19-25).

Read Revelation 21:4, which tells how they that mourn are to be comforted.

The righteous are the meek—those willing to follow the Savior and keep His commands. President Woodruff's life an example of meekness.

How can we hunger and thirst for righteousness? Nothing is more satisfying to the righteous than the companionship of the Holy Ghost. President Woodruff once remarked that the companionship of the Holy Ghost was more to be desired than the beholding of angels.

Mercy is sure to bring mercy in return. All need the mercies of God, and therefore, can afford to be merciful to others. Mercy shown by the Savior on the cross.

The pure in heart are those who are pure before God, who judgeth the *hearts* of men. None of our acts nor our thoughts are hidden from the Lord. The impure would not be happy in the presence of the Lord, for He is pure.

The peacemakers are believers in the Gospel of peace, those who love their fellow men, those who seek to bring about the will of the Father, and for so doing are worthy to be called His children.

The same promise is given to those who are persecuted for righteousness sake as to those who are poor in spirit. Persecution has always been the lot of the followers of Christ. Satan has power over the wicked and directs their hatred towards the righteous. The Savior said, "If ye were of the world, the world would love you."

The prophets and all who serve God

suffer persecution at the hands of wicked men. The reward of the righteous cannot however be taken from them in this way. None have suffered as Christ did for our sakes, and for His sake we should be willing to suffer, too, if necessary, and not with murmuring. Paul counted it joy to suffer for Christ's sake. (Acts 20:21-24).

Fourth Year—Old Testament.

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks.]

Lesson 61. Jeremiah saw his People Rejected for their Apostasy.

Teacher's Text: Jeremiah 37:11-21; 26:8-15; 38:4-38; 32:6-15; 39:1-14; 40:4-6.

Pupils' text for general assignment: Jeremiah 38:4-28.

Topical analysis for individual assignments:

- a. Jeremiah suffered for his people 37:11-21; 26:8-15.
- b. 38:4-28 (general assignment).
- c. Example of Hope. Jeremiah 32:6-15.
- d. Suffered in the Siege of Jerusalem. Jer. 39:1-14; 40:4-6.
- e. Jeremiah's Predictions and their fulfillment. (This part may be entirely eliminated or used as a lesson for one of the extra Sundays. See topic e).

Prophecy: Lord to smite Egypt. Jer. 46:13; 20:25-26; 43:9-13.

Fulfillment: II Kings 24:7.

Prophecy: Jehoiachin's fate. Jer. 22: 24-30.

Fulfillment: II Kings 25:27.

Prophecy: Remaining vessels to be taken to Babylon. Jer. 27:14-22.

Fulfillment: II Kings 24:13; 25:13. II Chron. 36:10.

Prophecy: Captivity of Jews. Jer. 21: 9-10; 25:9-12; 29:10.

Fulfillment: II Kings 24:14-17; 25-21.

Lamentation 1:1-3.

Prophecy: Fate of Zedekiah. Jer. 32: 1-4; 37:17.

Fulfillment: Jer. 39:1-9; 52:1-16; 26-30.

Prophecy: Destruction of Jerusalem. Jer. 13:7-10; 19.

Fulfillment: II Kings 25:1-12.

Aim: Moral uprightness is necessary in all the people; or, the penalty for sin is destruction.

Try to make the events in this lesson mean much to the children. They should impress by being significant (a) historically, by showing that Judah's humiliation was necessary for purification and that the kingdom of Babylon was God's instrument in accomplishing it; (b) bio-

graphically, by showing Jeremiah's dedication to service for his people and though he suffered he was also rewarded (c) practically, by showing that a life of purity and fearless righteousness means more in rousing consciousness than soft words and pretty sayings.

The lesson in the class. Review lesson 60. Bring out the striking characteristics of Jeremiah's life. Emphasize his willingness to suffer in order to save his people. His great mission was against the political party in favor of an alliance with Egypt as protection against the strong Babylonians. Judah had a special divine mission among the nations and alliances with any other nation were displeasing to God and brought the chosen people in contact with heathen religions that did not promote faith in Jehovah. Jeremiah as a prophet of the Lord "stood practically alone in a time of almost total apostasy. He was surrounded by plenty of prophets, but they were the smooth, easy going, popular professional preachers, whose words awakened no conscience and who assured the people that the nation was safe in the protecting care of God. This was a true message in Isaiah's day, but that time was long since past, and Jerusalem was destined for captivity.

"Thus Jeremiah was doomed to preach a unwelcome message while the false prophets persuaded the people that he was unpatriotic, uninspired, and pessimistic (14:13, 14). This made his task almost too difficult to endure (20:14-18.) Once he said he would utterly cease to speak in the name of God but the divine word was a fire within his bones and he could not restrain it (20:7-9). His relations with Jehoiakim the king were not friendly and he would not endanger his life by visiting the court." Prophets of Israel, Willette.

In the fourth year of Jehoiakim's reign (605 B. C.), Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, drove the Egyptians out of Western Asia and in the advance on Jerusalem took many sacred vessels from the temple and carried captive many princes and noble youth from Judah to be trained in the learning of the Chaldeans. Among them were Daniel and his three companions. This is called the First Captivity and is the beginning of the Seventy years Captivity which Jeremiah prophesied so clearly (II Kings 24: 1 Dan. 1:3-7). The promised restoration was fulfilled by a decree of Cyrus in B. C. 536.

Jehoiakim was to have been taken to Babylon in chains but Nebuchadnezzar, on hearing of the death of his father, the king of Assyria, decided to leave Je-

hoiakim on the throne of Judah as a vassal.

About this time Lehi and his family left Jerusalem for the promised land. This is the point where the story of the Book of Mormon begins.

A rebellion of the king of Judah brought about by promised support of Egypt was the occasion of another visit from Nebuchadnezzar who laid siege to Jerusalem. 10,000 captives, including the best citizens, soldiers and workmen, were taken back to Babylon (II Kings 24:10-16). Why Jerusalem was not totally destroyed we do not know, but it may be that Nebuchadnezzar had already come to respect the Lord from some severe lessons he had learned at the hands of God's servant, Daniel, who was at the royal court in Babylon.

Jeremiah watched the changes at home with some hope, but full of misgivings. Judah must learn her lesson but if she would submit to Babylon, and develop her wealth, and turn to the Lord she would not be destroyed (Jeremiah 27:12-17).

He wrote to his brethren in captivity counseling them to make homes in the East and submit to the conquerors for it would be 70 years before they returned home.

Zedekiah was placed on the throne but listened to the soft words of those who preached speedy return of the Jews, and destruction of Babylon. Jeremiah was held in reverence by the king who dare not consult him openly because of the attitude of his court and counselors.

Our lesson begins here. Call on the pupils to give their assignments.

Topic a. Help the pupils to understand the "trumped up charges" brought against the prophet to stop his plainness. The apparent aid of Egypt in this, the second siege of Jerusalem, caused the other prophets to denounce Jeremiah as false.

Topic b. He was beaten and thrown into a dungeon. It was a negro who rescued him. The Egyptians were defeated and king and people knew Jeremiah was right. The king counseled him privately and learned the truth but did not like it. Show the pupils how natural it is for people to denounce the preaching of unpopular ideas. How would Russians have felt toward a man who went about publicly denouncing the war with Japan? Show how much courage and sacrifice is needed for a man to go against public opinion even when he knows he is right.

Topic c. As an object lesson to his people Jeremiah purchased a field in his native town for its full value. In the

face of imprisonment and desolation of the country, Jeremiah showed his faith in the return from captivity.

Topic d. Help the pupils to appreciate Jeremiah's willingness to remain with the remnant rather than be taken care of by the king of Babylon who had learned to appreciate his loyalty and wise counsel. In the face of darkness and desolation Jeremiah saw the bright side in God's purpose and loving care and His willingness to accept this people after their purification. Jeremiah 30:1-4; 31:1-6; 31-33. If time will permit show the promise of the Messiah as the hope of Israel. Jer. 23:5-8.

Topic e. This should be used as a subject for reading. Have one pupil read the prophecy and another read the account of its fulfillment.

Conclusion. Gedaliah was left in charge of the poor people in Judah and restored a form of government that was working very well till an adventurer named Ishmael cruelly murdered him. All the people fled to Egypt for fear of the wrath of the king. Jeremiah was forced to go along. He continued to exert his efforts to keep the people from idolatry which had been the cause of their downfall (see II Chron. 36:14-19). His words were unheeded. The last we hear of him he was denouncing their evil tendencies and predicting that the chastisement of Babylon should reach them in Egypt. According to Jewish traditions this grand man was stoned by his countrymen whom he tried to save, "with a sensitive nature that shrank from misunderstanding and calumny he was evermore the bearer of unhappy and reproving messages. Yet with fidelity and rare heroism he responded to the voice of God and has passed into history as one of the choicest spirits of Israel." From *Prophets of Israel*.—Willette.

Lesson 62. Ezekiel the Shepherd of the Exiles.

Teacher's Text: Read Pupils individual assignments.

Pupils' Text for general assignment: 18:1-3; 19-24; 30-32.

Topical Analysis for individual assignment:

- a. Ezekiel's call, Ezekiel 1:1-4; 28:2:1-3; 9-10. 3:17-18; 21.
- b. Teaching by symbols, pantomime, or object lessons, 4:1-3; 9-11; 5:1-4; 6:11; 12:1-11.
- c. Parable of sour grapes. 18:1-3; 19-24; 30-32.
- d. Destruction of Jerusalem made known. 24:1-2; 25-27; 30:21; 29-33.

- e. Ezekiel as watchman, 33:1-7.
- f. Ezekiel as Shepherd, 34:1-7; 14:30-31.
- g. Promise for future righteousness, 36:1-3; 7-10; 19-21; 27-28; 39:23-25.
- h. Glory of the new covenant, 43:10-12.

Aim: So as to be a good people and a Godly nation, the Lord requires of each of us a close spiritual relation with Him.

Make the events mean much to the children in three ways; (a) historically, by showing the real feeling of the Jews concerning their captivity; (b) biographically, by showing that a shepherd or watchman for the Lord has much responsibility; (c) practically, by showing the need of a true heart and right feeling for the Lord's commandments and the need of knowing them.

The lesson in the class: Review lesson 61. Bring out the most important points. Have pupils tell what they learned from last lesson. Review the story of the captivity and Jeremiah's sacrifice. Help the children to know that Daniel and many noble Jewish youths had been in Babylon more than 20 years before the destruction of Jerusalem and that the events in last lesson really happened before those to be studied next Sunday. Study in some encyclopaedia or history something about Babylon, its civilization etc, and give the pupils a vivid impression of the magnitude of the city and the learning of the Chaldeans, their books, palaces, irrigation conquests, etc. Make the class feel that Judah dwelt in a land where she could get a taste of the luxuries of the world and where she was compelled to worship God in spirit. The temple and all the forms of worship to which the people were accustomed could not now be indulged in although they were allowed much freedom when not actually engaged in work on the great enterprises of embellishing the city.

The Jews lived together in land allotted to them, were allowed to build houses, gardens, etc., under the rule of their own elders, and only on special occasions were required to pay homage to the gods of the conquerors.

Today's lesson: Ezekiel was taken captive to Babylon among those who were exported at the second conquest when 10,000 were transferred to Assyria. He tried to keep alive the interest of his people in the religion of their fathers. While the temple stood in Jerusalem false teachers preached an early return to their homes and the vengeance of God on their enemies. Ezekiel knew better and tried to persuade them of the evil

of their attitude and cause them to realize the danger of the heathenism with which they were surrounded. His great mission as a "son of man" was to lead his people to turn to God, worship Him with a righteous heart, and trust in His wisdom. Jeremiah in Jerusalem was writing to his people exhorting them to the same worship.

Ezekiel was of a Priestly family, was well educated, had a home and a family. By a special vision he was called to the mission of a special watchman or shepherd to the house of Israel. He was commissioned to speak to the people in behalf of the Lord and to contradict the prevailing idea that the Lord could not hear His children in Babylon and help them as well as He could in Judah, also that the stay in Babylon was short.

Make of this lesson a reading lesson. Have the pupils find the passages and read them. Thus they will become acquainted with the scripture.

Topic a. Show how simple and natural the call was.

Topic b. Object lessons and acting out the scene is the most appealing way of reaching people. Ezekiel used these methods with much force.

Topic c. Ezekiel was known as the teacher of parables 20:4-9. He was unpopular because he did not tickle the ears of Judah with flattery and smooth words. Make a strong point of God's lack of pleasure in death. He wants life and right action. Show how by repentance there is a change of heart and a new spirit within. This is God's way but was little understood when Jeremiah and Ezekiel first promulgated this doctrine. People were much inclined to ceremony. The great impress these men have left on religious thoughts is that ritual and form are not the essence of righteousness or Godliness.

Topic d. The news of the destruction of Jerusalem changed the attitude of the people and consequently Ezekiel's method. People turned to him and consulted him. Notice the message of hope to comfort Israel.

"Ezekiel saw as no other prophet before him the necessity of securing a condition of seclusion and holiness in order that Israel should be honored and prosperous. Already the influences were at work whereby the Jews were transformed from a nation into a church."—Willette.

Lesson 63. Daniel the Youth who was Faithful to his Religion.

Teacher's Text: Daniel 1-4.

Pupils' Text, (general assignment):
Daniel 1.

Topical Analysis for Individual Assignment:

- a. Daniel a captive in the king's court. 1:1-7.
- b. Daniel proposed a temperate life. 1:8-21.
- c. King Nebuchadnezzar forgets an important dream. 2:1-12.
- d. Daniel's prayer and thanksgiving. 2:11-24.
- e. Daniel's humility in his triumphant interpretation. 2:25-49.
- f. The Hebrew children trusted the Lord. 3:1-18.
- g. The king acknowledges the Lord as God. 3:19-30.
- h. Nebuchadnezzar's vision a warning to his pride. 4:1-18.
- i. Daniel interprets the king's vision. 4:19-27.
- j. The king's pride is abased. 4:28-37.

Aim: The counsel and commands of the Lord are always for good and can never lead us astray.

Impress this lesson by showing (a) its historic importance in that Israel was taught in a foreign land that her people and religion were not inferior to those whom she admired; (b) its biographical significance by showing that those who are strict followers of God's word are able to call for His aid and blessings; (c) practically, by showing that those who follow strictly the Lord's commands in the matter of the Word of Wisdom, prayer, true worship, etc., without fear or shame are superior mentally, spiritually, and physically.

The lesson in the class. Review lesson 62. Call attention to the fact that Ezekiel was working among the Hebrews while Daniel was God's representative in the court of the greatest monarch on earth.

The cruel policy of transplanting conquered nations was a common practice among the kings of Babylon and Assyria. Help pupils to feel what this would mean if they were taken to a strange country. Was there not enough of bitterness in loss of country, homes, friends, etc., without loss of temple? Forced labor was required to build the magnificent monuments of Babylon. Where are they now?

The Babylonians liked the queer chants of the Jews. The demand brought forth the 137 Psalms. Read part of it.

Foreign birth did not prevent men rising to power in Assyria.

Topic a. Our reckoning of time was taken from the Babylonians. Their unit was 12 as ours is 10, hence the division of day and year into 12 units.

Topic b. Emphasize temperance and the desire of Daniel to follow the correct teachings of his parents and religion. How would you boys and girls be inclined if you were in Daniel's place? Could you honestly refuse to do as others in a fashionable court? Could you stand for the right though you were different to the others? This very tendency to be willing to be different is what made Daniel different to all the other wise men. What do we know of them?

Topic c. Each lesson to the king came nearer his own person and touched his pride.

Topic d. Make the prayer and Daniel's thanksgiving very prominent.

Topic e. Note Daniel's willingness to acknowledge his God. Although it was unpopular to talk of other Gods and especially one who could not deliver his own people yet Daniel acknowledged the Lord. What is the lesson to us? Give the historic working out of Daniel's interpretation, thus:

Gold=Babylon; Silver=Persia; Brass=Greece; Iron=Rome; Clay=Modern European nations; Rock cut without hands=God's Kingdom in the last days.

Topic h. The great lesson to Nebuchadnezzar was the limits of his power in that his visions of dominion would end and others arise to smite his kingdom. God would finally triumph and that the strong men of earth are merely helpless instruments in God's hands.

Topic i. The lessons to Babylon were equally important to Israel. How?

Topic j. Contrast the return to faith in God among the Jews in Jerusalem and in Babylon. Let us resolve that lessons in righteous and goodness should not be taught to us through severe suffering. God does not rejoice in sorrow and pain but He does require obedience. He leads us aright. He counsels for our good. If we fail to obey we must suffer. Give specific instances.



THE GREATEST SUNDAY S

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average attendance, 600. Officers and Teachers Enrolled, 47, Kindergarten enrollment, 241, a



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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Assistant; George E. Hill, Second Assistant. Enrollment at the present time, 1028,
average attendance, 150.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford and J. W. Walker.

Second Year—Old Testament.

[By George M. Cannon.]

Lesson 25. Jonathan and David. (For Second Sunday in September.)

Text: I Samuel 18; 19:1-7; 20.

The friendship of David and Jonathan is one of the most pleasing stories in sacred writ. Jonathan had grown up in the house of the king, his father, and David had grown up among the hills of Bethlehem. There he had passed much of his time in the humble occupation of the shepherds of that country. David had known little of the excitement common to court life and had spent most of his time in the pursuits of most farmer boys, although he was naturally very gifted in music and altogether a very lovable character. On the other hand Jonathan had been surrounded by all of the attractions common to a kingly court, and yet when he met David, he loved him from the very first meeting. Jonathan's character is one of the best in all history. Saul, his father, hated David because it had become known to him that the kingdom was to depart from his household to be given to another. And when, after David had performed many of his capable feats on the field of battle and was returning, the women of Israel came out of all their cities singing and dancing to their King Saul, and as they sang, they exclaimed, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." And Saul from that day determined upon David's destruction. But Jonathan, in whose soul we would have imagined the disappointment would have been greater than that of the aged king, was David's true friend as long as he lived.

After David had slain the giant Goliath and had returned and appeared before the king, Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite."

And the Bible says, "And it came to pass when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Jonathan never had sympathized with his father's efforts to slay David, but did all he could to protect his friend and pacify the angry king. And when at last he found that he could not accomplish this, the Bible in most beautiful language

tells of their parting. (I Sam. 20:42). "And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying the Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever. And he arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city."

The Bible itself gives in beautiful language in the text above quoted, the account of the friendship between these two great young men. This lesson as outlined is divided into topics and sub-topics as below:

- I. Jonathan Loves David as His Own Soul.
 1. Covenant between David and Jonathan.
- II. David's Appointment Over the Men of War.
 1. By whom.
 2. Behaves himself wisely.
 3. David returns from slaughter of the Philistines.
- III. The Women go out to Meet King Saul.
 1. From all the cities of Israel.
 2. Singing and dancing.
 3. "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands."
- IV. Saul's Attempts upon David.
 1. To slay him with a javelin.
 2. Offers his daughter, Merab, in marriage as a snare.
 - a. She is given to Adriel.
 3. Also offers his daughter Michal as a snare.
 - a. Michal's love for David.
 1. Jonathan reconciles Saul to David.
 - a. By recounting David's good deeds.
 - b. By showing that David had done nothing against Saul.
 1. Saul's anger kindled.
 - a. Again seeks to smite David with javelin.
- V. Jonathan's Unselfish Love.
 1. David flees to Jonathan.
 2. Covenant between the friends.
 3. David in hiding.
 4. Jonathan excuseth David's absence from Saul's table.
 - a. As long as David lived Jonathan could not acquire the kingdom.
 - b. Saul hurls javelin at Jonathan.
 - (1) Because of defence of David.
 1. Jonathan meets David.

- a. Gives pre-arranged sign indicating Saul's anger.
- b. Embrace each other and covenant eternal friendship.

Suggestive Aim: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." (John 15:13).

Lesson 26 Solomon.

(For Third Sunday in September.)

Text: I Kings 3; 4:29-34; 5; 6:37, 38.

Owing to the fact that David, through force of circumstances, had been compelled to go to war in defense of Israel and against enemies, the Lord did not give him privilege of building a temple, but had him make preparations for the building of the Great Temple which was to be built by his son and successor, Solomon. Wherever the name of Solomon is known, it stands as a synonym for wisdom. This is probably because of the fact that when the Lord appeared, and in a dream by night asked what He should give him, Solomon replied (I Kings 3:8-9). "And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou has chosen, a great people that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people; that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" (I Kings 3:11-14): "And God said unto him, Because thou has asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor has asked the life of thy enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words, lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any rise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou has not asked, both riches and honor, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways to keep My statutes and My commandments as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days."

Many stories are told of the wisdom of Solomon. One of the most touching is that of the two women, each a mother of a little child. While sleeping in the same house one woman's child died and she arose at midnight and went to the bed of the other woman and placed therein the dead child and took away the live one. Both women when morning came claimed the live child, and they came to Solomon that he might decide. Each

told her story and both claimed that the living child belonged to her. The king said "Bring me a sword," and they brought the sword before the king and the king said, divide the living child in two and give one half to one and one half to the other. Then spake the mother of the living child, "O my Lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." But the other said, Let be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." And the king answered and said, "Give her the living child and in no wise slay it, she is the mother thereof."

The story has often been told of how, when the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, she had some of her skilled artisans prepare flowers so like the natural flowers that the human eye could not detect the difference, and she placed the artificial and the natural flowers before the king and asked him to decide which was natural and which was hand made. And the king was puzzled. Just then the king observed a bee and threw open the window and allowed it to enter. Its instinct immediately enabled it to alight on the real flower, and the king at once decided which bouquet was natural. (I Kings 4:30, 32, 34).

"And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country and all the wisdom of Egypt * * * And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five * * * And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom." Perhaps the greatest thing Solomon did was to build the Temple. The esteem other rulers had for him is shown by the way in which they assisted him in accomplishing this great task. Explain the manner in which same was accomplished and the source of much of the material used in constructing the Temple.

Lesson 27. Elijah and the Priests of Baal.

(For Fourth Sunday in September.)

Text: I Kings 17, 18.

This lesson is to be outlined by the local teachers under the direction of the Stake Board.

Fourth Year—Lessons for September

Lesson 25. Incidents in Jackson County, Missouri.

Special reference: "History of the Church," vol. 1, p. 372 et seq.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

- I. The Saints Misjudged and Slandered.
 1. Reasons.
 - a. Differences existing.
 - (1) In regard to the slave question.
 - (2) Upon religious matters.
 2. Some of the accusations.
 - a. How answered by Parley P. Pratt.
 3. "Beware of false prophets."
 - a. By Pixley.
 - b. By the "Star."
 - II. Acts of Mob Violence.
 1. Upon Edward Partridge.
 - a. (See quotations from his autobiography; note his testimony regarding the "Spirit and love of God.")
 2. Upon Charles Allen and others.
 - a. A sister's testimony.
 - III. Men Offer Their Lives for Their Brethren.
 1. The circumstance.
 2. The men.
 3. (The lesson.)
 - IV. The Attack at Prairie Settlement.
 1. The Parley P. Pratt incident.
 - V. At Independence.
 1. The attacks of the mob.
 2. The battle.
 - a. Death of Andrew Barber.
 - b. The Philo Dibble incident.
 3. Scenes on the river bank.
- Suggestive Aim: The Spirit of the Lord is one of peace and comfort even in affliction.
- Illustration, application.

Lesson 26. Incidents in the Missouri Persecutions.

Special reference: "Life of Joseph Smith" (Cannon).

- Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.
- I. Settlements and Growth After Having Left Jackson County.
 1. The new counties.
 - a. Caldwell and Daviess.
 2. Settlements.
 - a. Far West.
 - b. Gallatin.
 - c. Adam-on-di-Ahman.
 - II. Difficulties Renewed.
 1. The election at Gallatin.
 - a. Voting.
 - b. An attack by a mob.
 - c. Joseph to the rescue.
 - (1) His power and influence.
 - III. At Adam-on-di-Ahman.
 1. Mob violence.
 2. The Prophet's calmness and greatness.
 - a. As shown in his influence over the mobocrats.
 - IV. Death of David W. Patten.
 1. Circumstances leading to it.
 2. His dying admonition and testimony.
 - V. The Haun's Mill Massacre.
 - VI. Joseph Smith in Richmond Jail.
 1. Why confined there.
 2. His companions.
 3. A memorable night.
 - a. Joseph rebuking the guards. (See Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt.)
- Suggestive Aim: True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others: Illustration, application.

Lesson 27. Nauvoo, "The Beautiful."

(The teacher will choose his own incidents.)

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Dorathy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Lessons for September

Lesson 33. Fast Day.

Review Lesson 32, and then draw from the children who have been baptized, recitals of their experience in being baptized and confirmed; the joy obedience gave them; their confidence that in doing so they had followed in the footsteps of the Lord; that those who baptized and confirmed them were really servants of the Lord; their appreciation of the great privilege afforded them and of the great gift given them. Inspire those who have not yet been baptized to joyful an-

ticipation of becoming eight years old and receiving like blessings.

Then introduce today's lesson on the second topic.

Jesus and John Baptizing.

Text: John 3:22-36; 4:2.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, July, 1912.

Aim: Acknowledging God's authority is evidence of having His Holy Spirit.

Memory Gem: "John answered and said, A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."

I. Baptism.

1. Of water.
 - a. Significance.
 - b. Performed by John.
 - c. Performed by the disciple of Jesus.
2. Of the Holy Ghost.
 - a. Significance.
- II. People are drawn to Jesus.
 1. Effect upon Jews.
 2. Effect upon John.
- III. John's Humility and Rejoicing.
 1. Acknowledges authority.
 2. "My joy therefore is fulfilled."
 3. Bears testimony of Jesus' divinity.

Lesson 34. Jesus Blesses Little Children.

Texts: Matt. 18:1-10; Mark 10:13-16; Luke 9:46-48.

References: Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 52; JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for Aug., 1912.

Aim: Purity of soul leads to Christ.

Memory Gem: "Suffer the little children to come upon me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Picture: "Christ Blessing Little Children," Plockhurst.

Songs: "Little Lambs so white and fair," "I think when I read that sweet story of old," Primary Song Book No. 11; "Let the Little Children Come," Primary Song Book No. 17.

- I. The Disciples' Question.
 1. What called it forth.
 2. What it revealed.
- II. The Savior's Answer.
 1. The lesson of the little child.
 - a. Purity, trust, humility, gentleness, obedience, love.
- III. Christ Blesses Little Children.
 1. Children brought to the Savior.
 2. His rebuke to the disciples.
 3. The blessing.

Lesson 35. Mary and Martha.

Text: Lke 10:38-42.

Reference: Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 52.

Aim: The Lord rejoices in those who seek first His kingdom.

Memory Gem: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you."

Picture: "Christ in the home of Mary and Martha," Hofman.

- I. The Home in Bethany.
 1. Its occupants.
 2. Its likely housekeeper.
 3. Its frequent visitor.
- II. Visit of Jesus.
 1. On His way to the feast.
 2. How received.
 3. What Martha did for Him.

4. What Mary did.
5. Martha's complaint.
- III. Jesus' Answer.

1. "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

What boy has ever had so many chores to do that he could not go and play ball, or marbles? Couldn't you just get the play in some way?

Can't you girls always find time to care for dolls?

Isn't there always time to spend your nickels at the store or picture show?

Have you ever been so busy with work or play that you could not go to Religion class, primary or Sunday School?

Jesus taught us what duties are most important. In the little village of Bethany not far from Jerusalem there lived a brother and two sisters who loved Jesus very dearly. Lazarus was the brother, whom Jesus raised from the dead, and Martha and Mary were the sisters.

Theirs was a happy little home. Martha probably was older than Mary and did most of the house-keeping.

She had many cares and troubles for, no doubt, she wanted the house kept very clean and she had plenty of good things to eat in it.

Often when Jesus was in Jerusalem He went to Bethany to visit these loved ones. They always welcomed Him and did all they could for His comfort.

Once when He was attending the feast in Jerusalem, He visited this little home. He was weary and tired. How glad Martha and Mary were to see Him!

Martha at once busied herself to prepare something tempting to eat and to make the table look nice.

Mary sat at Jesus' feet and listened while He talked. Jesus always had so many good things to tell those who wanted to learn. He could tell just what our Heavenly Father wants people to do; just how all should live to gain eternal life. He was the most wonderful teacher who ever lived. Mary just wanted to keep on listening and did not once remember that her sister was so busy with the meal. Both sisters loved Jesus. Each one showed it in her own way.

Martha became tired and troubled and finally said, "Lord dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

Jesus was not angry with Mary for He knew that it was more important to learn God's will and serve Him than to attend to any other duty. He told Martha that she was troubled about many things but Mary had chosen the "good part."

We know that we cannot go without food, and yet it is even more important that we should serve the Lord.

If a playmate should ask one of us to go to a party, or a picture show, or play, and it was time for religion class, to which should we go?

Which should grown-up people think the most important—their work or religious duties?

We should be more willing to find time to serve the Lord than for any kind of fun, or work, because our first duty is to Him.

Lesson 36. Triumphal Entry.

Text: Matt. 21:1-11.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Aug., 1912; Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 57.

Aim: Those who study the scriptures are best prepared to recognize God's servants who come among them.

Memory Gem: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

Picture: "Entry into Jerusalem," Plockhurst.

I. Preparation.

1. Jesus' instructions to two disciples.
2. The animals brought.
3. Prophecy fulfilled.

II. The Procession.

1. A great multitude.
2. Showing the road.
3. Some of those who took part in it.

III. The People's Greeting.

1. "Hosanna to the son of David," etc.

IV. The Entry into Jerusalem.

1. All people stared.
2. Acknowledged as a prophet.

Kindergarten Department.

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley.

[Lessons prepared by Rose Patterson, Bloomington, Idaho.]

First Sunday.

Teach children first verse of "In Our Lovely Desert," Deseret Sunday School Songs, page 114. Also sing "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel," Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 178.

Memory Gems: (Select one to teach the children.)

"Little folks as well as big ones
May be missionaries true,
If they only will be willing
Even little things to do.

"Little feet can run on errands,
Little hands do deeds of love,
Little tongues speak words of kindness
Pleasing unto God above."

"Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes."
—Alice Cary.

Second Sunday. The Preservation of the Plates.

Text: One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 51, 52; History of the Prophet Joseph (Lucy Smith), pp. 104-109, 113.

Aim: If we have implicit faith in God's word, we need never fear the schemes of the wicked.

Review The Delivery of the Plates.

Joseph stood alone on the hillside. In

his arms he held the golden records which the angel had given into his care. He kept thinking and thinking of the angel's words, for just before the angel left he said, "I am now giving you the records to take care of. I have taken care of them for many, many years, but now Heavenly Father wants you to keep them till you write in a book the things that are written on them. Wicked men will try in every way to get them from you, but if you do your best, to take care of them, Heavenly Father will help you to keep them safe."

Joseph knew that the angel's words were true and he began to look around for a place to hide the records. As he walked along he came to a large birch log, lying on the ground among some trees. He loosened part of the bark and turned it back. Then he cut a hole in the tree large enough to put the records in. When he had done this, he laid the plates in the hole and put the bark back so carefully that no one could ever tell it had been cut. Next he scattered dried leaves on the log and all around it so that it looked just like the wind had blown them there. When he had finished his work he knew that the records would be safe in the log until he could get a strong box to put them in.

In a few days Joseph had the box ready. It was made very strong, with a good lock and key to fasten it up tight. Then he went to get the precious book from its hiding place. After moving the leaves and bark away, he lifted the

records from the old tree and carefully wrapped them in his coat. He started to walk along the road toward home, but after going a little way he thought perhaps it would be safer if he walked among the trees. So he left the road and walked along through the woods.

He hadn't gone very far until he came to a tree that the wind had blown down. As he went to step over it a man jumped up from behind and struck him with a gun. Joseph ran just as fast as he could. He hadn't gone very much farther when a second man sprang at him and tried to get the records. But Heavenly Father gave him strength and he got away from the second man also.

On and on he ran. He got very tired, for he had gone quite a way and the records were heavy. But before he reached home a third man tried to take them away from him. Again Heavenly Father gave him strength so that he got away.

When he reached home he put the records in the strong box and locked them in. He was so tired that he had to rest quite a while before he could talk, and then he told his father, mother and all the family what had happened. How thankful they all were that Heavenly Father had helped him to keep those precious records from the wicked men.

But even after the records were locked up in the strong box, they were not safe, for wicked men were determined to find them. Joseph always knew, though, when the records were in danger, for no matter where he was he was always thinking about them and praying to know whether or not they were safe. When there was danger of some one finding them Heavenly Father made it known to Joseph, so that he might move them.

One afternoon Joseph came in and said to his mother, "Mother, have you seen any men around here today?" His mother answered, "No, Joseph, I have seen no one." "Well," Joseph said, "the records are not safe. I must move them, for I know that wicked men will come this afternoon, or tonight, to hunt for them."

He then went over to the fireplace, and taking up some of the bricks from the hearth, he made a place for the records, laid them in and then placed the bricks back just as they had been before. As soon as ever the last brick was put into its place, men came in and commenced searching for the records. They went all through the house and looked every place they could think of. But they could not find the records, so they went away feeling very angry.

Not long after this, Joseph was warned

again that the records were not safe, so he carried them across the street and hid them under the floor of a carpenter's shop. That night wicked men came the second time, and hunted and hunted for that book with the golden leaves, but they couldn't find it.

Now, Heavenly Father wanted Joseph to write on paper the things that were written in the records, but wicked men were trying so hard to get them that he couldn't get to write at all. So Joseph decided to take the good book and go away from his own home to the town where his wife used to live. He had a good friend named Martin Harris, who came to him and said, "I will do all I can to help you, for I know this is the Lord's work." Then he lent Joseph some money so he could move.

Joseph commenced to pack his things together. He had to be very, very careful to find a safe place to hide the records. And now I am going to tell you about a good plan he thought of. He took the box with the records in, and put it into a strong barrel. Then he filled the barrel with beans and it looked like there wasn't anything but beans in it.

It was a good thing that the records were hidden so well, for on the way a man stopped the team and climbed into the wagon. He hunted and hunted for the book with the golden leaves. He looked through everything in the wagon, into boxes and trunks and under the seat. He even peeped into the barrel of beans but he never once thought that the records were there, so he went away. After they had gone a little further, the wagon was stopped again and another man searched for the records but he could not find them, either.

At last the wagon stopped at the house where Joseph was to stay, and the golden records were still safe in the barrel of beans. Joseph could now write in our language the many good things that were written in that precious book. It took a long time to write it all, but kind friends helped him and at last the book was all finished. Joseph didn't need the records any more so the angel came and took them away.

Oh, how thankful Joseph and his friends were to have that good book. Since then, many, many people have been made happy by reading it. And we have had good stories from it right here in our Sunday School class. Now, I'm going to tell you the name of that good book—it is the Book of Mormon.

Third Sunday. Organization of the Church.

Text: History of the Church, Vol. 1,



THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

pp. 75-79; One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 107-109.

Aim: Those who live the truth gain spiritual blessings.

While Joseph was translating the Book of Mormon many people heard about the strange book with the golden leaves. They talked and talked about it. Many came to ask Joseph questions. Some believed what he said, while others laughed at him.

One day a man named Oliver Cowdery came to talk with Joseph. As he listened to Joseph's words he knew they were true and he did all he could to help the work along. Oliver wanted other people to know about the good work, so he told his friends what Joseph was doing. One of his friends was named David Whitmer. He came and talked with Joseph, and as he listened to what Joseph said he knew that every word was true. He wanted to help, too, so he invited Joseph and his wife and Oliver to his father's home, where the work could go on better.

Joseph was happy while he stayed with the Whitmers, for they were good, kind people. They believed that Joseph was doing Heavenly Father's work and they did all they could to help him. After

a while others heard and believed the things Joseph said and some were baptized.

It was not long until Heavenly Father made known to Joseph that it was time to organize the Church. Joseph told his friends this and all those who believed in the work met at the Whitmer home.

Six good men were chosen to be the first members of the Church. Every one was very quiet and when it was time for the meeting to start, one of the brethren was asked to offer prayer. Joseph then asked if they were willing to have Oliver Cowdery and himself as teachers in the new Church, and they all said they were. Two of the brethren blessed the Sacrament, just as it was blessed this morning. Then they passed it to the others, and they each took some, just the same as we have done.

Every one there loved Heavenly Father, and wanted to do right, and that made them very happy. Some told of wonderful things that would happen, and Heavenly Father helped them all to know that Joseph was to be their leader and that they should do whatever he told them.

In this new Church they were to do the things that Jesus did when He lived

on the earth. They were to have prophets and apostles and many other good men who would teach them. Oh, how happy they were, for they knew it was the true Church!

Now just think! There were only 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 who belonged to the Church when it was started that day. And today there are oh! such a lot of people who belong—more than we have ever seen at once—for those first few people were so pleased to find the new Church that they told all their neighbors and friends about it. Some went away off from home among strange people to tell them of the true Church. They were called the missionaries and so it came about that many people heard of the Church and were baptized.

Now, do you know, we belong to that very Church I have been telling you about. And we're glad, too, aren't we, for it is the only true Church.

The Answer to Anna's Prayer.

Many years ago there lived in a country, far across the sea, a little girl named Anna. Her papa called her Sunbeam, because she was always happy. She just loved to be helping other people all the time.

Every Sunday afternoon, Anna went to see her dear old grandmother. Grandmother was an old, old lady, and she had to sit in her chair all day long. She liked to go to church, but now she was too feeble to walk, so she had to stay at home. When she was younger she could read in her Bible, but now her eyes were so dim she could not see the print. Once she could sing the songs in her hymn book, but now her voice was so weak she could only hum them.

And so, every Sunday afternoon, Anna came and told grandmother all about what the minister had said in the morning service at church. Then she read to her out of the Bible and sang beautiful hymns from grandmother's dear old hymn book.

One day Anna was reading to grandmother about Jesus and the apostles, when she thought of something she had never thought of before. She closed the book and looking into grandmother's kind old face she said, "Grandmother, why don't we have prophets and apostles now?" Grandmother shook her head sadly as she answered, "My dear little girl, they are all done away with."

"But grandmother," Anna said, "surely Jesus wants them in His church today just as He did when He lived on the earth."

"Perhaps you are right," said grand-

mother, "but in all the churches I have visited, I never found one with prophets and apostles."

"Oh, but maybe there is one some place," said Anna; "and perhaps, grandmother, I can find it."

That night as Anna knelt beside her bed she said, "Heavenly Father, help me to find the true church, with prophets and apostles."

Years passed by, the dear old grandmother was dead, and Anna had grown to be a woman. Still she had not found the church with prophets and apostles, but every night she prayed that she would.

By and by Anna married a good man and she told him of the church she wished to find. He wanted to find a church like that, too, so they visited many churches, but in none of them did they find prophets and apostles.

One evening when Anna's husband came home from work he said to her, "Anna, after supper, I want you to come with me. There are two young men going to hold a meeting down on the corner."

When they reached the corner, the young men were just beginning to sing. Oh, how happy Anna and her husband were as they listened to that song. It was, "We Thank Thee, O God for a Prophet."

At the close of the hymn the young men spoke of their church, with its prophets and apostles, and they told the very story that I have told you this morning, of the Prophet Joseph and our Church. As Anna and her husband listened they were happier than they had ever been before. They knew they had found the true Church.

Fourth Sunday. Missionary Call and Experience.

Aim: Sacrifice, through love for the Gospel, brings blessings.

One time there lived in Salt Lake City a very good young man. His name was George Q. Cannon. He was happy there in his home, for his mama, papa, brothers, sisters and friends all lived near him.

One day Brother Cannon received a letter asking him to go on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. That was a long, long way off, and he didn't know one person who lived there. At first he felt just a little sad, for he knew he would have to leave all of his loved ones at home, and he thought of how lonesome he would be in that far away land.

He wasn't sad very long, though, for he thought, "Heavenly Father wants me to go, and I'm glad I've been called. I

will pray to Him to bless me with new friends in those far away islands."

So Brother Cannon got ready to start. There were nine other missionaries going with him. They were the first missionaries our Church had ever sent to those islands.

They had to travel for several days on the train and then they came to the big ocean. They set sail and that night there was an awful storm. Great big waves came up. They just roared and splashed and rocked the ship, till the captain was afraid they were going to tip the ship upside down, and drown all the people.

All of the missionaries became very dizzy and sick. They prayed earnestly to Heavenly Father and He heard their prayer and saved the lives of all on the ship.

They were on the ocean for nearly four weeks, and when at last they saw the islands they were just as happy as could be. But the islands didn't look like their own land at all. There were different kinds of trees and flowers from what they had ever seen. The houses were not at all like those at home; they were small, and woven out of a kind of grass. And the people, how odd they did look! They had brown faces, brown eyes and black hair. They looked very much like Indians, and talked in the strangest way, so that Brother Cannon couldn't tell one word they were saying.

The missionaries found there were some white people on the islands, too, and they could talk with them. But when they told those white people of the beautiful truths they had come to teach, they wouldn't listen at all.

Brother Cannon began to wonder what he was to do. He had been sent to those islands to preach the Gospel, but the white people wouldn't listen to him, and the people with the brown faces who were called Hawaiians, couldn't understand what he said. He thought, "These Hawaiian people are good and kind, and I believe they would be right glad to listen to the Gospel if I could only talk so they could understand. I will ask Heavenly Father to help me learn their language, and then I will teach these people with the brown skins, for I know they have good, kind hearts. And Heavenly Father did help him so that in just a little while he could talk to those people.

Brother Cannon and the other missionaries rented a little house to live in. Though it wasn't a bit like their own homes, they were happy there. There were no windows and doors; it was just a tiny house, woven out of grass, but it

was the kind of house the good Hawaiian people lived in. There were no chairs in any of those houses; the people sat on rugs. There were no beds to sleep in at nights, only rugs, spread on the ground, to lie on. There were no tables, either. The people spread a cloth on the ground and then put their food on the cloth. And their food—it wasn't at all like Brother Cannon was used to. There were no cakes and pies, not even any bread and butter. They had a big bowl full of what they called poi. It was made from the root of a plant that grew there. The Hawaiians liked that better than anything else they had to eat; but when Brother Cannon tasted it, it almost made him sick. He felt sorry that he didn't like it, for he knew if they had to cook something else for him it would make lots of extra work for them. So he prayed that Heavenly Father would help him to like the poi, and his prayer was answered, for the next time he tasted it he liked it so well that he ate a whole bowl-full. And it just kept tasting nicer and nicer till he liked it better than the bread and butter he was used to having at home.

After they had been there a while, their money was all gone and they couldn't pay any more rent for their little house. They didn't know what they could do or where they could live. Then a good, kind old lady came and told them they could live in her house and she would go and live with her daughter. You see, Heavenly Father was always ready to bless them and He blessed the old lady, too, for being so kind to the missionaries.

Oh, how Brother Cannon did like those good, kind brown-skinned people! He never got tired of teaching them. Those people loved Brother Cannon, too. Many knew that the gospel he taught was true, and they came to him and were baptized. When they were sick Brother Cannon administered to them, and Heavenly Father heard his prayers and made the sick people well.

Brother Cannon stayed on the islands for five years. During that time he had made many friends. Other missionaries came to the islands and many people joined the Church. Brother Cannon was then told that he might go back to his home, and though he felt glad to think he would see his own people again, he felt sad to think of leaving his dear Hawaiian friends on the islands.

Many times while on the islands he had gone hungry. He had not had a nice bed to sleep in nor fine clothes to wear. But he had taught the Gospel to those people and that was what Heavenly

Father had sent him there to do.—Adapted from "My First Mission," by George Q. Cannon.

Now I'm going to tell you about a lady and her husband who were called to go to the island of New Zealand on a mission. Her husband was called to go and travel among that people and preach to them, but she was called to go and teach school. She never had been away from home, and when she kissed her mama, papa, brothers and sisters good bye she couldn't help but cry. She was glad she was going, though, for she knew Heavenly Father had a work for her to do in that far-off land.

After traveling for a long time, first on the land and then on the water, they reached New Zealand. For the first few weeks they lived in a town where nearly all the people were white, and it wasn't much different from their old home.

Then one day the president of the mission came to see this sister. He told her many good things about the people, who were called Maoris. Then he said, "You must learn to talk the Maori language, then you can teach the Maori children to talk your language. In a short time I will come and take you to the little village where you are to teach school."

She knew what it was to teach school at home, but she wondered and wondered how it would be to teach school there. It was not long until she found out. One morning the mission president came for her to go. When they reached the Maori village she kept looking and looking for the schoolhouse. In the whole village she couldn't see one house like she was used to seeing at home. They were all just tiny little houses, made of rushes, and when the president said, "This is the schoolhouse," she saw that it was made of rushes, too.

The little boys and girls were all in the schoolhouse, ready for school. As she looked at them, she couldn't help thinking how different they looked from her own little brothers and sisters at home.

Her little brothers and sisters had pink cheeks, blue eyes and golden curls, but every little face in that school room was brown; all the eyes were brown and all the hair black and straight. That didn't make any difference, though, for

the minute she looked at them she just loved every one of them. She could see from their big, brown eyes that they were kind, and their little brown faces were just all dimples and smiles. She was just as thankful as could be that Heavenly Father had sent her to teach those dear little brown boys and girls.

Every day she found ways of teaching them good things and the children learned very fast. They would sit just as still as could be while she told them stories like we have in Sunday School, and when she taught them songs they sang with all their hearts.

Often her husband and the other missionaries traveled a long way off to teach the people. Then, for weeks, she would be left alone with the Maoris. But she didn't get lonesome, for they were always so kind to her. They would do anything they could to make her happy.

When the little boys and girls went to school they liked to go past the house where their teacher lived, and call for her to go to school with them. One morning when they passed the house their teacher wasn't standing in the door waiting for them. The children were wondering if she had gone on without them, when a good Maori lady came to the door and said, "Brother Brown's going to teach your school for a few days." The children looked disappointed, but the lady smiled and said, "Heavenly Father has sent your teacher a little baby boy."

Then they were so happy. They just loved to go and peep at the little white baby. In a few weeks the sister went to teach school again, and every day she took her little baby with her. The little boys and girls loved him very dearly. They called him the little missionary.

By and by the time came for the good sister to go back home. The little boys and girls just cried when she left; they felt so bad to see her leave them. The good sister was sad, too, as she said good bye, for she loved all of them. She thanked Heavenly Father for sending her to teach those people.

Those boys and girls are all grown up now, and whenever missionaries go to their land, they tell about this good sister, and her missionary baby.

The little missionary has grown up, too, and he is now a big missionary in a country far across the sea.

"That Flynn Boy."

By John Henry Evans.

XXVI.

When Gus and his companion reached the farmhouse, they found that the rest of the crowd had returned. There was, therefore, many a glance of inquiry cast in the direction of the young couple. But nobody, at the time, got any sign from either of them which the most imaginative could interpret into any definite morsel of information as to what had passed at that interview in the gully. Gus had always been regarded, anyhow, as being unfathomable as a legislative enactment. Of course, in his presence not a word on the subject was spoken, but as soon as his back was turned the tongues began to wag, and the sly looks and winks and nods and whispered words went the rounds. It was observed afterwards, however, when Gus happened to be away from any of the company where Elsie Woodstock was, that she gave the air of one who should say, "Well, that matter is settled, anyway!" This I must disclose in simple justice to the whisperings.

But this, too, as the wise author of "Deor's Lament" declares of his sorrows, soon passed away. Ira Hewling presently roused the young people into the singing mood, he being able himself, as he expressed it, to carry a tune. They gathered round the organ, with Elsie at the keys, and sang hymns and songs till it would seem everybody's voice would give out.

"Now we'd better practice for tomorrow night, hadn't we?" inquired Gus, looking at Ira.

"That you had, that you had," old Brother Kiffin broke in. "Ah hear as you'll be likely to 'ave some trouble, an' singin's a good thing for to keep it away."

"How's that, Brother Kiffin?" Gus asked.

"William 'ere 'as been tellin' of us as that maybe 'll 'appen, sir."

All eyes turned immediately in the

direction of William, who was on the outskirts of the crowd collected round the organ. William Dean was one of the young persons whom Gus had attracted, but who had not become a member of the Church.

"Why, yes," he volunteered, in answer to the inquiring eyes, "Jack Oldham told me last night that a crowd of fellows had hired Polyphemus Higginbotham to break up the meeting. They're going to fill him with whisky," he said, and then bring him to Unity Hall."

At this there was a great silence, for the space in which, as the inimitable O. Henry says, a cow might switch her tail five times. And then—

"Polyphemus Higginbotham!" several of the girls exclaimed in a breath. There were a good many other ejaculations to the same effect, and as untranslatable into terms of the plain intellect, but they showed as plainly as far more sensible-looking words could do the consternation which the very name of this man had created in the minds at least of some of the crowd. "Polyphemus Higginbotham!"

But pretty soon the feeling took a turn. Someone, recovering, asked:

"Why, what can one lone man do towards breaking up a meeting, even if he has but one leg, and one eye?"

Everybody laughed at this—except William Dean, who seemed to feel himself under a sort of obligation to defend the reputation of Polyphemus Higginbotham. It has frequently been observed that the mind which conveys unpleasant news and creates as a first impression something like astonishment in the minds of the audience, unconsciously assumes a kind of sponsorship for the intelligence, and takes it as a personal affront, if his information be questioned with a view to ascertaining its truth. Especially is this the case where the news bearer is a young man and the one who casts a

doubt on it is a young woman, as in this case. And so he exclaimed:

"Oh, don't you think so! Half a man like old Polyphemus filled with whisky can do more mischief than a dozen of most men with all their parts and no liquor!"

This was apparently an unanswerable argument, for no one, not even the young woman who had made the sarcastic remark about Polyphemus's absent members, made any attempt to answer William.

"Huh! of course he can!" the young man added, as if some one *had* said a contradictory word.

"Why not call the police?" another girl suggested.

Every one looked at Gus for an answer.

"I guess there won't be anybody hurt," he said. And then, presently, "Let's practice as our first hymn, 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning.'"

And so all turned again to the organ.

XXVII.

"What was the matter with you last night, Brother Flynn?" inquired Ira Hewling the next morning, after the party.

It was before breakfast. Ira was sitting at the table writing a letter. Gus, contrary to his custom, had come down stairs later than his companion. In fact, not only had he come down later than Ira, but he had risen considerably later than was habitual with him.

"Why, what did I do?" Flynn asked, in return.

"You gave such a jump in your sleep as nearly took you over the bed. It scared me, too, by George!"

"Oh, yes; I remember now," Gus answered. "I had a dream."

"I should say you did."

"You can't guess what it was about, Brother Hewling."

"Well, if I should venture to guess," was the response, "I should say you were about to be shot, or electrocuted, or something."

"Something' is the word. I was about to fall over a precipice."

"Great Scott!"

"I thought I was standing on the brink of a high ledge of rock, hundreds of feet high. That Woodstock girl was down below beckoning to me to come down."

"Straight down?"

"Straight down! And what was strange, I was about to go. In fact, I started to slide down to where she was. It was then, I guess, that I jumped in my sleep."

"You're not bothered about that dream, are you?" Ira asked.

"I think it was sent me as a warning—in fact, I know it was," Gus said, positively.

"A dream like that's easy to account for, I think," Hewling said. "Explanation: You were with her yesterday; you were thinking about her, perhaps; you—say, did you jump or run towards her any time yesterday?"

"Yes; there was a rain pool in the path, which she jumped (she's nimble as a cat), and which I jumped after her."

"And she faced you on the other side and dared you to jump?"

"Yes," admitted Gus.

"Well, there you are. Fits in with my theory exactly. Your dream was but a repetition of what you thought and did in the afternoon. I've never had a dream but I could account for it in that way."

"That's what I thought when I awoke after that jump in my sleep. But I don't think so now. I dreamt exactly the same thing three times."

"Three times—exactly?"

"In every detail."

"Well, I don't know about that. It looks as if there might be something in it. What do you think about Miss Woodstock now, anyway?"

"She's more of a puzzle to me now than ever, I confess," said Gus. "You know, I always declared I didn't know what to think of her. Well, yesterday I came to the conclusion she was

straight, all right. But today—well, I'm all at sea again."

"And what made you come to that conclusion?" Ira wished to know.

"I'll tell you something that happened yesterday. You know, she and I took a stroll on the farm, or rather we sat down for a while and talked."

Ira nodded.

"Well, we grew rather confidential—at least she did. I don't know as I did. I had nothing to confide. She up and told me she was in love with me!"

"Incredible!"

"She certainly did. She admitted, too, that the Rector set her after me. The sex is beyond me, but I smelt a rat, all right, all right. She dropped the word 'rector,' and I took her up on it—accused her of it."

"And she admitted it?"

"She admitted it right off. Didn't beat the bush in the least. Say, Brother Hewling, you know the ways of women better than I do, did you ever hear of a girl telling a fellow she loved him when there wasn't any provocation to do so?"

"Don't know's I have. Girls don't lead off that way. At least, modest girls. Of course, when you lead them on up to that point they admit it—reluctantly. But I never heard of a girl surprising a man the way you say she did you—I'm not an authority on the subject, though."

"You've had more experience with 'em than I've had. Yet that's exactly what I thought of what she said—rather of a surprise, you know. I nearly fell over from the force of the blow, as you may say. Now, since that triple dream I've been putting two and two together. That love affair, while, I confess, it tickled my vanity for a time, seems to me now insincere. It didn't seem a bit so then. By George, women are good actors!"

"Maybe she wasn't acting. You know, some folks hereabouts have not been above thinking she was in love with you."

"Yes. I'd have thought so myself, if that dream hadn't turned my ideas in another direction."

"I'd hate to think," Ira said, "that a woman would engage in such a beastly job! But why didn't she dodge your question about the Rector, or lie out of it, if she meant to serve you a dirty trick?"

"That's one thing I can't explain—unless it, too, was in the game. Maybe she thought that was the best way to reach her point. I don't think, though, she intended to speak of the Rector, but, once his name escaped her and I picked it up so quickly, very likely she thought making a clean breast of it would look like proof of her innocence. And then you ought to have heard her berate the Rector."

"Devilish!" exclaimed Hewling. "Perfectly devilish! That's all I've got to say about it!"

"You know," Gus went on, "that dream furnishes a sort of key to the whole situation. A young woman joins us, makes herself unusually agreeable, especially to me, pops love to me on too short an acquaintance, is too familiar and finds fault because I won't let her, mentions the Rector, without intending to do, and when I follow up the scent outs with everything, and all so natural! Then, too, for us all to have such a dubious feeling about her, which we have tried to fight down and couldn't. Finally, on top of it all, for me to have that dream just in the nick of time—I tell you, Brother Hewling, that's all pretty suspicious!"

"Perfectly diabolical, I say!" Ira repeated with emphasis. "But what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. I'll just be on my guard, that's all—just watch and wait."

The two sat silent for a moment, both buried in thought. Presently Gus said, more really to himself than to his companion.

"This is a curious world—a curious world!"

"And you get your share of its most puzzling side, I should say," Ira observed.

Gus said nothing. He did not even hear Ira's remark.

XXVIII.

Unity Hall was crowded that evening—a little too crowded for comfort.

The place was owned by a small society, which had been organized for the purpose of debating and hearing debated all sorts of subjects of current interest. It was a sort of free thought association, composed, mostly, of free thinkers, who didn't care a rap for any one else's opinions unless they appealed to common sense. It was not a large place, large enough only to seat about five hundred persons.

But tonight there were more than this number present, for the aisles were crowded, and there were men standing round on three sides of the building. The meeting had been well advertised by the elders and saints of the Macclesfield branch. Still it was quite evident to the most casual observer that the majority of those present had not come because of any desire on the part of the "Mormons" at Macclesfield that they should be there. They were present because they expected something to happen—such is vulgar curiosity and the popular craving for theatrical situations. But they were there!

The place at the front where the pulpit was afforded seat for only one person. The elders, therefore, sat down in front of it on the same level with the singers and the congregation. The house was full ten minutes before the time announced for beginning. For the most part, everybody sat or stood in profound silence. The air was tense. There was that general feeling of something impending. Curiosity was on tiptoe—that is, in most of the congregation; it was apprehension in the elders and the saints there.

The singers rendered two hymns. Father Kiffin offered the invocation—an extremely simple and familiar talk with Deity, if I may say so without irreverence, in which he pleaded that any attempt at disturbance might be frustrated by His power. Everything was listened to in the most solemn silence. Then Gus arose to speak.

At that instant a row of rough-looking youngish men began a whispered conversation. Some of them rose from their seats, in the rear of the house, and looked over the audience, evidently in search of somebody. One of these even got on his chair uncerimoniously and continued the search. Obviously they were not satisfied with their inspection of the crowd, for they renewed their whispered conversation. Pretty soon the man who had stood up on his chair went out. All this happened while Gus was making the usual preliminaries for an address, none of which, of course, the men whom I have pointed out on the rear row of seats had heard.

The speaker's eye did not leave that row of men for very long at a time. Not a move on their part escaped his keen observation, notwithstanding his brain was busy conceiving and his tongue expressing some introductory ideas. And what is more, the men knew they were under careful observation. They were clearly disturbed over something. After the departure of one of their number, their eyes shifted constantly to the door, after which each glance sought a neighbor's interrogatively. Before long, however, their doorward gaze was rewarded.

Polyphemus Higginbotham was coming!

This individual was the chief blacksmith in Macclesfield. And a terrifying-looking spectacle he was, to be sure! His figure was of the average height, but much stouter. He wore a thin but grizzly beard, which, judging by appearance, had rarely seen the comb—one of those beards, it was,

which, you could easily tell, had never felt the razor since it had been fuzzy on a boyish face. One eye had been blown out in a gun-powder explosion on Guy Fawkes' day. The left leg he had lost in some battle or other in the Orient. His first name was Jeremiah, but everybody called him Polyphemus on account of his supposed resemblance to Homer's character of that name in the "Odyssey." And he tried to live up to this idea of Polyphemus so far as his interpretative skill of some one else's hearsay information of that great classic would allow him. His voice, which came from somewhere deep down in his stomach, was low as to key and coarse and had a rattle in it, and he always roared out his words, especially when he was in drink.

By some sort of instinct in the audience every head turned as soon as Polyphemus entered. Nothing could be more spectacular than that entrance of the one-eyed giant. Immediately he began to elbow his way through the crowd, down the main aisle, to the front, roaring out as he did so, "Elbow room for Polyphemus! Something's about to be did!" And he kept this up till he got to the speaker's place, where to the general surprise he planted himself in the seat which Gus had occupied! It was easy to see that the whiskey barrel had been called into requisition pretty freely, though not so freely as to prostrate the stout figure of the dismembered Polyphemus. All the while that row of faces in the rear changed to suit the occasion—first a grin of pleasure, then pride in having furnished this unusual diversion, next apprehension as to the outcome of it all, and finally disappointment that something had not already started.

Not so Polyphemus. He sat there as contented as the circumstances would allow him to do. The wooden leg stuck out per force straight from the chair seat, his two hands rested on his thighs, the sweat poured down

his face unrestrained, and his cyclops eye glared savagely over the audience. Even his whiskers took apparently an interested part in the proceedings, each particular hair endeavoring to stand out conspicuously from its neighbors to secure as much as possible of the popular attention. For Polyphemus was the unquestioned center of attraction.

This last statement, on second thought, needs slight modification. Polyphemus was not wholly the center of attraction. Ira Hewling shared with him this curious interest—or rather, I should say, the situation shared it with him. When the audience beheld the intruder noisily elbowing his way to the front and taking his seat where they all knew the preacher had been sitting, their astonishment knew no bounds. But when they looked steadily towards the front and saw Polyphemus and Ira sitting there, the humor of the situation burst upon them like the genius of a beautiful spring morning and they smiled good-naturedly and then laughed tumultuously. The preacher, too, smiled. Indeed, there was a grin on that row of youngish faces on the rear row of seats. Maybe, after all, this was the unique way in which the whisky was to manifest itself in the incomparable Polyphemus. Didn't the blacksmith know his business, though? There began to be no doubt about it. We should see—we should see! No meeting could go on—leastways no religious meeting—and the audience in such a hilarious mood. This was infinitely better than a riot, where the police would appear on the scene and where you might be nabbed any minute as disturbers of the peace. The old man's tact amount to absolute genius! Nothing could be better!

As for the preacher, he had ceased to speak. He stood there in the pulpit erect, his two hands resting forward on the desk, waiting with calm patience for the principal visitor to take his place and then for the au-

dience to regain its composure. When that was done, he went on with his sermon exactly as if there hadn't been the most sensational of interruptions.

The row of youngish faces back there in the rear had put too much trust in the blacksmith's genius and in the unique effects of whisky at a religious gathering. For the preacher was apparently to go on without any other interruption. They looked at the audience. They had, it seemed, forgotten the late scene and were listening attentively for the most part to what the "Mormon" elder was telling them. They looked at Polyphemus. His one eye had ceased glaring and taken on a mild, inoffensive appearance. Indeed, it was actually moist, and presently it shut altogether, and the scant, shaggy beard nodded (the separate hairs having ceased their individual look), as if in acquiescence to what the preacher was saying.

Alarm thereupon seized the row. They looked at one another, as much as to ask, "Has the old blatherskite gone back on us. Or was it poor whisky, after all, that we filled him with? We must take this matter in our own hands!" And so there ensued another whispered conversation, more agitated than the first. The result of the colloquy was that one of the men, he who had formerly stood up on his chair to inspect the audience, got up again and shouted:

"You're a liar sir! What you're a-telling of us is all damn lies—every word of it!"

Then he sat down.

The one eye in the head of Polyphemus opened in surprise. And in the tense silence that followed he rose where he was and roared in the direction of the challenger:

"You shut up, young man! I want you to understand that this man"—and he pointed up at Gus—"is a man of God sent here to tell us the truth. Now, you just listen to un, or I'll chuck you out of that window next time you open your head!"

The effect of this sudden and altogether unexpected defense of the preacher on the part of the blacksmith was extraordinary. People stared at each other as they might be expected to do if the last trumpet had blared out the final summons. Then they burst out again in a roar of laughter. The faces on that rear row wore a look of extreme confusion. No words came from the lips of the preacher, for even he stood there amazed at what had happened. Meantime, Polyphemus sat there in his original position, his eye glaring out angrily over the crowd and every individual whisker again soliciting the public eye. Presently the sermon continued.

The youngish looking men on the back seats occupied themselves again in an undertone conversation. Evidently they were not to be downed so easily as the situation indicated. And so no one was at all surprised when the same fellow, egged on by his companions, got up once more and attacked the speaker.

Nor was any one surprised at what happened afterward. Polyphemus jumped up and without a word pushed his way energetically to where the disturber was still shouting out offensively and wildly gesticulating. Reaching the fellow, he clutched him firmly by the collar and his trouser leg and pitched him headlong through the open window. This done, he elbowed his way back to where he had sat and resumed his former position of alert watching.

When the astonished crowd quieted down, the preaching went on again, this time without interruption.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the row of youngish men at the back pushed their way to the front to demand an explanation of Polyphemus. That individual was thereupon thrown into the utmost perplexity. Amid the profuse thanks of the elders and the coarse reproaches of the fellows of the intrigue, the poor man completely lost his wits. It finally began to down

on his confused understanding that he had not done what he had come there to do.

"Damme," he roared, "'fy hain't got on the wrong side!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The California Cuckoo.

By Claude T. Barnes.

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.; President Utah Audubon Society.

Many of the most delightful beauties of nature have the seal of secrecy upon them; and he that would see must ever observe. The most wonderful flower of the Rocky Mountain region, for instance, the *Mentzelia*, grows in desolate places, resembles a thistle in the daytime and opens its heavily perfumed, gleaming white blossom only in the night time. Many people will hardly believe that such brilliantly colored birds as, for example, the Bullock oriole, the Goldfinch and the Lazuli bunting are actually nesting within their orchards until they see for themselves. But of all secretive birds few are so evasive as the California cuckoo; and hence it is one of our least known feathered friends. Its colors are not striking, indeed quite the contrary; but it is so narrow in comparison with its length that one readily perceives it to be out of the ordinary. Furthermore its flight is characteristic and a certain means of identification since its peculiarity is observed.

The West has very few members of that interesting bird family, the *cuculidae* or cuckoos, the Roadrunner and the species under consideration being the only representatives in Utah. More detailed account of the Roadrunner will be given later.

The California cuckoo is the Western counterpart of the Eastern variety, the yellow-billed, the larger size of the former being the only point of difference. The California cuckoo breeds from southern British Columbia south to central Tamaulipas and northern Chihuahua, Mexico; from the Pacific east over the Rocky mountains

and western Texas; migrating to northern Lower California and the tablelands of Mexico. Specimens have been taken particularly in Salt Lake, Davis and Grand counties, Utah; but nowhere is it abundant or conspicuous.

In marked contrast to the unparental conduct of the European cuckoo, which lays its eggs in the nest of other birds, the California cuckoo builds its own nest, hatches its own eggs and rears its own young; and, in fact, the male and female seem unsurpassed in parental and conjugal affection.

The birds begin to pair about the middle of May; and the nest is usually fixed among the horizontal branches of some unfrequented tree as, for instance, a solitary thorn, willow, crab, or cedar, in a secluded part of the woods. It is constructed with little effort and scarcely any concavity, of small sticks and twigs intermixed with green weeds and, sometimes, maple blossoms. On this shallow nest, which resembles more that of the mourning dove than the nest of any other bird, the eggs, usually three in number, are placed; they are of a greenish-blue color and of a size proportionate to that of the bird. While the female is sitting the male is usually not far away; and he readily gives notes of alarm upon the approach of anything of uncertain import. The female sits so close on the nest that you can almost touch her with your hand; but when she does flush she flies to the ground, tumbles over and over and in every conceivable manner pretends to be lame and disabled so as to draw you away from the nest. Both parents assist in providing food for the young



CALIFORNIA CUCKOO.

(*Coccyzus americanus occidentalis*.)

Description: Bill not longer than head and gently curved for most of its length; loreal feathers and general plumage soft and blended; bill with basal part of lower mandible yellow; upper parts grayish brown with faint green gloss; under parts white, grayish across chest; lower half of bill mainly yellow; side of head with blackish streak; tail graduated middle feathers like back, tipped with black, the rest blue black with broad white thumb marks on tips; wing quills mainly rufous on inner webs. Young: like adults, but tail duller without blue. Length, 12.30-13.50.

birds and are ever on the alert to catch caterpillars, black crickets, grasshoppers and other insects of which they eat an enormous quantity.

No bird is more useful to the farmer than the cuckoo. As Mr. Beal says: "The insect food of cuckoos consists of beetles, grasshoppers, cicadas, bugs, ants, wasps, flies, caterpillars and spiders, of which grasshoppers and caterpillars constitute more than three-fourths. In 129 stomachs examined, 2,771 caterpillars were found, or an average of 21 in each. In May and June, when tent caterpillars are de-

foliating fruit trees, these insects constitute half of the cuckoo's food. One stomach was so full that the bird had evidently devoured the whole tent colony, as there were several hundred in the stomach. This diet of hairy caterpillars has a curious effect upon the birds' stomachs, the lining of which is often pierced by so many hairs as to be completely furred, the membrane itself being almost entirely concealed. It seems hardly possible to overestimate the value of the cuckoo's work. All caterpillars are harmful, many of them are pests, and any of

them are likely to become so. The common tent-caterpillar formerly fed on the wild cherry, but has now turned its attention principally to apple trees, sometimes completely defoliating them."

Every orchardist, every farmer, may truly count himself lucky if a pair of these un conspicuous, unassuming little

workers make their home in his neighborhood. Yet any boy would probably say that the bird is too plain in color and too unattractive to be of much good. It is but another proof of the fact that the most useful things in the world are not necessarily or even probably the most showy.

The World's Great Fables.

By William S. Nortonheim.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow, having stolen a piece of meat, flew to the branch of a tree, when a cunning fox, bent on getting that meat, came near and addressed the crow. "Good morning, Madam Crow," he began. "How beautiful and fair you look this morning! It is indeed rare that I have the chance to express my high esteem for you. Your feathers are so glossy and your eyes so bright, that I consider you the prettiest of all the birds. Surely your

voice must be as charming as you are. I pray you, favor me with a song."

The crow, greatly pleased with these compliments and wishing to make a still greater impression on her admirer, opened wide her beak and cawed her very sweetest song. With the very first caw, she dropped the meat and the fox caught it as it fell.

As he gobbled up the meat he gave her this advice: "Never trust a flatterer."



Peaseblossom's Lion.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XI.—PINKY JONES SPEAKS UP.

"Oh, Mr. Lone Eagle, who are you?" repeated Peaseblossom in a startled eager voice. And she left Rameses and ran to Lone Eagle, who stood beside the fire, and looked wistfully up into his face.

"Little yellow-haired squaw not know Lone Eagle? See! her lion's eyes look after her! Not safe for little squaw to leave her lion!" said Lone Eagle. He spoke in his soft silky Indian voice again. It seemed to Peaseblossom, and to all the others, as if they must have been dreaming when they heard that other ordinary white-folks voice from Lone Eagle's lips just a few moments before.

Peaseblossom drew a long, long breath that was like a sigh as she looked back at old Rameses. He had turned his head to follow her with his eyes, as Lone Eagle said, but they were soft and gentle.

It was plain that Lone Eagle had not feared that the lion would become fierce again, but had only wished to avoid answering Peaseblossom's question.

"I don't believe he is a truly Indian!" cried a girl's voice.

It was Pinky Jones, and Bee who was not near enough to give her string-finger a pinch.

"And Bee Brown doesn't think so either! I know she doesn't! It was Bee that found out he was only fooling us; only making believe that his voice came from places where he wasn't at all—just like the—the—"

"Ventriloquist" was too long a word for Pinky Jones even when she was not so excited as she was now. But Pinky would go on, although Bee cried out, "Oh—sh—sh, Pinky!"

"Like the man in the show at the town hall," continued Pinky. "And Bee asked him if he had ever been in a show, and I know just what Bee meant by that! She meant that she didn't believe he was a truly Indian! And I don't believe so either! I think he was a make-believe Indian in a show! And I think he is a make-believe Indian now!"

There was a sudden dead silence. It was so still that the crackling of the fire could be heard under the big kettle, and the rustling



LONE EAGLE STOOPED AND RAISED PEASEBLOSSOM IN HIS GREAT STRONG ARMS.

of the leaves. The Indian woman who had been gathering sticks had come up to Pinky and tried to put her hand over her mouth. But Pinky was frightened now at what she had said and did not need to be silenced. Lone Eagle was scowling and all the boys looked frightened. The two men who had been sent to protect the Pekoe boys and girls were smiling a little, but one of them kept his hand on his pocket where was something that only a policeman was allowed to carry in Pekoe. The two young Indians stood whispering together with occasional glances at Lone Eagle.

After a minute, Pinky began to cry.

"Oh, why do you all keep so still and look so strange?" she asked. "Is the Indian very angry? I didn't meant any harm! I think it must be very nice to be a make-believe Indian in a show or—or out of it and live in the woods. I only said what Bee Brown thought! Oh, Bee, if I had only had a red string around my finger perhaps I shouldn't have spoken!"

But no one was really listening to Pinky Jones now. Even Bee Brown was looking at Peaseblossom. For as soon as Pinky had cried out that she didn't believe Lone Eagle was a "truly Indian," Peaseblossom had turned and walked slowly, hesitatingly, back to the Indian's side, holding her hand to her forehead in a perplexed way, as if she were trying to remember.

Suddenly, while Peaseblossom stood looking up at him, Lone Eagle again looked down at her and smiled. This smile was not simply a widening of his large, grim mouth, as his smiles had been before. It was an Indian smile, but a bright jolly smile all over his face. He smiled as people do when the smiles come from their hearts, when they really can't help it! And the look that he bent on Peaseblossom was so full of affection that the fierce-looking war-paint could not hide it.

"Pete! Pete!" suddenly cried Peaseblossom, joyfully. "Oh, my dear old Pete! You are Peter Dakin, aren't you? Oh, why didn't I know you before? Though you make such a beautiful Indian how could I not have known you? You never were an Indian in our circus, you know! You were the Snake Charmer and you taught me not to be afraid of the snakes when I was—oh, so small! And you carried me in your arms all night, once, when I was ill and the elephant had stepped on Papa's foot and crushed it."

Lone Eagle stooped and raised Peaseblossom in his great strong arms. He almost tossed her up, as if she were a baby.

"So she remembers old Pete now she has grown a big girl, does she?" he asked, and his voice—"without a bit of Indian in it," as Pinky Jones said—was full of pride and affection. "I meant to tell you soon that Lone Eagle was only your father's old friend, Peter Dakin! But I wanted to wait until old Pete had made you rich

and famous! I didn't want to be found out quite yet. The grown people never would have found it out—that old Peter was not the Indian that he seemed. Lone Eagle deceived even the Indians themselves, for a while! But the white boys and girls are too sharp! And old Peter went a little too far, didn't he, when he tried his ventriloquism? But old Peter wanted to bring the little circus girl and her lion together again—the little circus girl who has a greater power over the animals than even her father had, or old Peter Dakin, the famous Snake Charmer!"

Old Peter Dakin, the famous Snake Charmer! The Pekoe boys grew round-eyed with wonder and whispered to each other with almost breathless eagerness. Sidney Brown remembered that he had seen Peter Dakin in the first circus that he ever went to, when he was very small. Almost every one of the Pekoe boys had heard of Peter Dakin, the Snake Charmer. It was certainly a very queer thing. It made everybody feel as if they were dreaming, to know that Lone Eagle, the Indian whom they had seen about Pekoe, for two or three years, was not an Indian at all, but only a circus performer who had come to live in the woods to try to regain his failing power over animals, and who pretended to be an Indian because that was what he had been doing in the last circus he was in, and because it kept curious and troublesome people away from him and made it easy for him to live with Indians who knew much more about the beasts and birds than any of the white people did.

And it was Bee Brown who had guessed this, and Pinky Jones who had told of it, right out before Lone Eagle who could not deny it! And now, Pinky kept saying, "Oh, Bee, aren't you glad we didn't stay to picnic with the other girls! Oh, Bee, for once it was a good thing that there was no red string on my finger and so I let things out!"

But Bee was still a little doubtful whether it was a good thing that had happened.

"I am afraid he will want to take Peaseblossom away with him!" she said to herself. "What can he do with the lion without Peaseblossom? Will the lion stay tame when Peaseblossom leaves him? Will Peaseblossom go away with Pete Dakin and old Rameses?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A Dinner Dialogue.

By M. D. Tolman.

"What have you got today?" asked Janie, as she peeped into the dinner-box from which Flora had just lifted the cover.

"Oh, ever so many things," said Flora; "two buttered rolls, two slices of turkey, some cake, an orange and some nuts."



"Oh, my!" said Janie, "isn't that nice!"

"What have you got?" asked Flora.

"Oh, just the same about, as always; just bread and butter, and gingerbread, and an apple.

"Let's divide," said Flora. "I haven't any apple, and you haven't any orange and nuts; and I haven't any gingerbread, and you haven't any cake and turkey; let's go shares."

Janie's eyes sparkled. "Truly?" she asked.

"Yes," said Flora, "just as truly! I'd like to."

So the two little girls, who went to the district school together, and had walked a mile to reach it, sat down and divided the contents of their boxes.

"You take one of my rolls," said Flora, "and give me some of your bread and butter, and we'll divide the turkey; and you take half of my cake and I'll take half of your gingerbread. One is as good as the other, but they're different, you know, and everyone likes a change once in a while; at least, I do."

"So do I," said Janie.

"Your mother makes beautiful bread," said Flora. "Doesn't she make cake, too?"

"No," said Janie; "she hasn't enough time nor money; she has to make bread because she says it's the staff of life."

"'Staff of life'!" echoed Floroa, "isn't that odd! I suppose she calls it that because it is good food that makes us able to work and do things—read and spell and play—just as a staff helps persons to walk when they can't walk alone."

"I suppose so," said Janie. "This cake is beau-ti-ful, with the sweet sugar crust; I like it."

"You may have it all," said Flora. "I like gingerbread."

Little Janie didn't refuse. "You are a lovely girl, Flora," she said.

"Why, no, I'm not," said Flora, "but my sister Sue is lovely; her hair curls and her eyes are blue."

"Well, I think you are lovely; your heart is lovely, anyway; and the heart is more than the face; my mother said so."

"Now, if you would like this orange, I would like that apple, and we'll divide the nuts," said Flora.

"I certainly would like to have an orange," said Janie. "It seems 'most a hundred years since I've had one."

"Oh," laughed Flora, "I didn't know you had lived a hundred years! I've lived only eight!"

"I've lived seven," said Janie, eyeing the yellow ball that Flora held out to her, "and here's my apple."

"What a beauty!" said Flora. "It's as red as a rose."

"It grew on our tree," said Janie.

"We haven't any tree that grows oranges," said Flora. "Uncle Fred sent us a box of them from Florida."

"If you had just as lief," said Janie, "I will take this orange home and give half to my little brother; he will be so glad."

"Why, yes, you can," said Flora. "Now we'll eat our walnuts."

"There's a play about those nuts," said Janie, "something like a turkey's wishbone."

"What is it?" asked Flora.

"The first one who cracks a nut in halves without breaking either half, has a wish; you can wish for anything you want."

"And get it?" asked Flora.

"I don't know," said Janie, "but it's fun to wish, anyway!"

"Let's go out to the doorstep, and get a stone and crack them. Oh, see, I've got two beautiful halves!" cried Flora.

"Oh, then, wish!" said Janie.

"I wish to know how to make such nice bread as your mother does, when I grow up," said Flora.

"I shall tell that to mother when I go home," said Janie, with a happy smile. "She will like to hear it."

"Now, let's have a game of tag till the bell rings," said Flora. And the two little girls ran merrily out upon the green, and the pretty yellow dandelions laughed in delight, and the robins in the trees trilled a happy song; for, somehow, dandelions and birds and dear little girls seem to be the best of friends.

The Children's Budget Box.

Mother.

Mother, the most sacred of words, means a great deal to us. It means home, comfort and any number of things that hold dear in life. Were it not for mothers what would life be? In the first place there would be no life. But supposing there were life, its dismalness would be unbearable because there would be no one to fill the place of a mother in the love and care necessary to promote happiness and even life.

A mother is a great source of inspiration to us. She is the best teacher obtainable and one should try to do his best when a mother is endeavoring to help him. The quick and impetuous youth needs the guidance of a good mother to teach him to control his actions. Often a child gets the wrong attitude in thinking he knows more than his mother. This, however, is never true. The mother knows, by mother instinct and has learned from wide experience that is a severe and accurate teacher, what is the best way to act. We may forget lessons that we have learned in school and we may forget lessons we have learned in other places, but those taught us by our mothers endure forever, if we accept them. Our mothers teach us to be careful in the use of all things: our time, our money, our books, our clothing and everything we have. A mother's patience may be exhausted many times because boys, as a rule hate to be careful of anything. There has been in boys from the beginning the love of violent action and often the result is disastrous to things knowledge of the virtues they must acquire from the teachings of their mothers who, with complete understanding of boy life, give them ideals of strength and wisdom to follow. In years to come we will look back and know that among the best things that our mothers ever did for us was to help us to appreciate the necessities of life and the beauties of God's world.

A mother should have a greater influence upon our lives than any other person, for it is she who bears the greater responsibility of our care in youth when habits are formed. The many efforts and hours of labor our mothers put forth for our comfort and happiness are too often unappreciated. A mother's life is made up of sacrifices for her children. We will never fully realize how much so until we have children of our own. If we were to put forth every effort avail-

able we would never be able to repay her for the many hours of pain and labor to make us comfortable and happy; we would never be able to give her back the hours she has lost in worry for our welfare.

It is the aim of every good mother to make our homes the most pleasant places on earth, where we may spend our spare moments in peace and contentment, to shield us from the toil and dangers of the world. A child's home environment shows itself at all times and in all places so it is our duty to make it of the very best and to love and respect our mothers at all times, thus showing that we appreciate their care and our home influences. A child should show his willingness at all times to lighten a mother's burdens and worries and should labor to make as much as possible out of his life so that his mother's heart may swell with pride to know that her labors have not been in vain. If as much as possible is made out of a child's life by him, a mother will never be ashamed to say, "That is my son," and she will never regret the hours of toil and worry, the pleasures and necessities given up in behalf of her children.

A mother is the most important person in every boy or girl's life. Friends may be replaced, but a mother never can be. There are no better friends or advisers than our mothers, and our lives will be as open books if we live them in such a manner that we can make confidants of them. Inasmuch as our mothers give us the best that they have, let us return our best unto them.

Abraham Lincoln and George Washington should be models of American boys for respect and love for mothers. A mother's labor upon these men, the two greatest that the nation has produced, was not in vain. Abraham Lincoln rose from a plain backwoodsman to the Presidency of the United States, an office sought for by many, but gotten by few; George Washington from a Virginia planter to one of the greatest generals of all time, and to one of the greatest presidents of the United States. These men credited their success in life to following the teachings of their mothers. If they could give such tribute to home and mother influence we can do as well. Let us then try to do our best so that our mothers will not be disappointed in their expectations of us.

Eugene Taylor,
574 Cross St., Ogden.

How Nellie Received Friends.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl all alone with her parents in a large nice house, with many trees around it. She was very lonely at times.

One spring morning when the sun was shining bright, a swallow sang a beautiful song in the trees. The little girl was pleased and happy to hear it and ran to the house to tell her mama about it.

The little girl watched the swallow build her nest in a tree near the house.

One day while the bird was away the little girl looked into her nest, and what do you suppose she saw! Two blue eggs; and soon two little baby birds came. The mother took good care of them, and soon they were as big as their mother. She soon taught them to fly, and they flew far away, and the next spring they came again and built their nest in the trees.

Age 13.

Lillie Jensen,
Gunnison, Utah.



"I've Got my Eye on you."

Age 15. Causetta Clark,
Spring Lake, Utah.

Pioneer Days.

Did you hear the night birds singing
Just at twilight, little one?
And the curfew, that was ringing
At the setting of the sun?

Did you know the wind was blowing,
And the grass was bending low?
'Twas the night that we were going,
Ah, you were too small to know.

Well, come sit down by my side, dear,
I will tell you all I know.
You see the Indians were round here
And they always bothered so.

But, for all this, we had to come
Till we reached our journey's end.
Relatives to greet us we found none.
But the valley was our friend.

Yet, every one seemed contented
For we were free from jeer;
And everyone soon repented,
And made his home right here.

It was in this long, long journey, dear.
That your mother fell so ill,
Though she was patient and had no fear
Another grave we had to fill.

But you will never have to do
The things that we have done.
No such things are left for you,
No, not a single one.

Hortense Judkins,
Box 119, Ogden Utah.

A Farmer's Boy.

In the morning when I awake,
Of my breakfast I partake,
I milk the cows and put down the hay,
And am running errands all the day.
And then I say my evening prayers,
And run to bed way off up stairs;
Tired and weary in dreamland I lay,
Until the dawn of another day.

Age 13. Leo Bassett,
Lago, Idaho.

While Summer Lasts.

In the golden summer glory,
When the birds are singing gay,
Have you ever thought awhile,
Of some past and weary day?

If so, don't you think that summer
Is a time for joy, not sorrow?
And then sit down to think
Of some good to do tomorrow.

Do not let these summer days,
Glide by like worthless hours;
But go to do some little good,
Before the winter showers.

See those flowers round you blooming,
Why not take them to the ill?
And go help the poor and weary,
And ease life's rough, steep hill.

Yes, I'll tell you once again,
If you're glad and gay,
That "life's hill" is not half so steep,
If we climb it day by day.
Age 11. Maurine L. Carlisle,
Mill Creek, Utah.

The Woodpecker's Nest.

There once was a little woodpecker,
 So full of glee was he,
 That he built a wee and tiny nest
 In the top of an old pine tree.
 The father bird worked ceaselessly,
 And chirped the whole day long,
 While the anxious loving mother bird,
 Sang one nice sweet song.

"Cute little wife," the father bird said,
 Working to make the fluffy bed.
 Soon there were four little eggs in the
 nest;
 The mother thought they were dearest
 and best.
 Soon four little birdies peeped out.
 You ought to have seen father bird fly
 about.

Every day he went for food,
 And brought it home to the dear little
 brood.
 By and by they learned to fly,
 And they flew so far and near,
 That that was the end of the wood-
 pecker's nest,
 And the four little birdies so dear.
 By Ava Shelton,
 Beaver City, Utah.
 Age 12.

The Baby.

The baby's such a sweet dear fellow,
 With his hair of golden yellow,
 And his big blue eyes so bright,
 Oh! they are a wondrous sight.

He is always bright and glad,
 Always merry, never sad.
 He is always full of glee,
 Bright and happy as can be.

But he soon will older grow,
 Then some knowledge he must know;
 He must learn to read and sing,
 How to farm, and drive a team.

Florence Ferguson,
 Austin, Utah.
 Age 13.

Babyland.

"How many miles to Babyland?"
 Any one can tell;
 Up one flight;
 To the right;
 Please ring the bell.

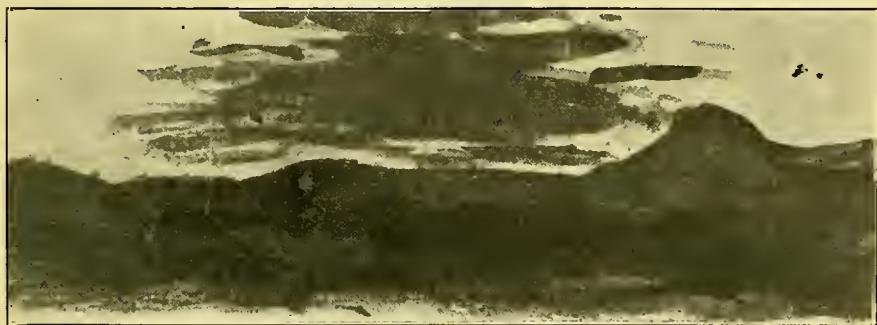
"What can you see in Babyland?"
 Little folks in white,
 Downy heads,
 Cradle beds,
 Faces pure and white.

"What do they do in Babyland?"
 Dream and wake and play,
 Laugh and crow,
 Shout and crow,
 Jolly times have they.

"What do they say in Babyland?"
 Why, the oddest things;
 Might as well,
 Try to tell,
 What a birdie sings.

"Who is the queen of Babyland?"
 Mother, kind and sweet,
 And her love,
 Born above,
 Guides the little feet.

—The Sunbeam


























Before Volcanic Eruption.

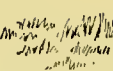


By Marvin Textorius,
 Leamington, Utah.
 Age 14.

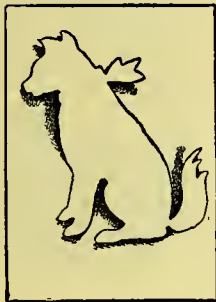
Little Scissor-Stories


(VI)



THIS is a Duck," said Cousin Kate, snipping and clipping with her clever
 "She was a fat white
 , with yellow  and a
 broad  and soft white ,
 and she was as busy as a  and as proud as a
, for she had three fat white downy baby
 of her own to take care of. In the morn-
 ing when the  rose, 'Quack, quack!' said
, 'we will have our breakfast!' Then all
 the baby  ran and gobbled up the 
 that Molly threw from her . 'Quack,
 quack!' said , when they had finished, 'now
 we will have a drink!' And all the baby  ran
 and drank out of the  of clear water
 by the . 'Quack, quack!' said
, 'and now we will take a swim!'
 'Quick, quick!' cried all the baby
, hopping for joy, and, splash,
 dash, they jumped into the  and swam like
 among the tall  and the yellow .
 'Yes, yes!' said , 'I know how to take care



of babies. Quack, quack!' Now one day Molly brought Baby Boy out and set him in the  with his  of milk and his  of bread, and Ponto,





the big dog, to watch him. This is Ponto, the big dog," said Cousin Kate, clipping and snipping with her clever .


"Quack, quack!" said , 'here is another baby to take care of!'


'Goo, goo!' said , laughing at the little .


'Quack, quack! do as we do!' said

. So when the baby  ate their , Baby Boy ate his .



When they drank their , Baby Boy drank his .



And when they cried, 'Quick, quick!' and went, splash, dash, into the water,  crept after them and went, splash,

dash, into the water too! 'Quack, quack! do as we do!' cried .

But  could not swim.

'Boo-hoo!' he screamed. And, splash, dash, into the water went

Ponto, and pulled  out, just as  came running from the

 'Yes, yes! I know how to take care of babies,' said  --- 'but not a baby like that!'"



The Funny Bone.

Secret Is Out.

"And you are eating grass!" said the sympathetic bystander.

"Sh-h-h!" returned Nebuchadnezzar. "That's the story I gave out. But the truth is that I think there is a hen's nest somewhere out here in the weeds."—Washington Star.

Unkind to the Pigs.

A minister, spending a holiday in the North of Ireland, was out walking, and, feeling very thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round about him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said:

"My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?"

The farmer's wife replied, "Sure, it's no wonder they are excited, sir; it's their own little bowl you are drinking out of!"—Tit-Bits.

Got Even.

Bilson, who is a stout man, was running to catch a train the other day, when his friend Jones called out: "Halloa, Bilson! In a hurry? Going somewhere?"

Keeping his breath for other purposes, Bilson made no reply, but he determined to take a terrible revenge. About one o'clock next morning he called Jones up on the telephone. After a great deal of ringing, a sleepy voice at the other end of the wire told him Jones was there.

"That you, Jones?" queried Bilson.

"Who do you want?" asked Jones. "I've been in bed these two hours."

"I'm Bilson," went on the other. "Remember seeing me running this morning, eh? Yes? Well, I was going somewhere, and I was in a hurry. Good-night."

Then Bilson hung up the receiver and got back into bed a happy man.

Rare Stock.

"This dog of mine is some dog, let me tell you! He has a wonderful pedigree."

"I suppose you trace him away back to the dog Noah took into the ark."

"Say, this dog's ancestors didn't go into the ark. He had a bark of his own."—Boston Transcript.

A Sad Thought.

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" feelingly asked the high-school literature teacher of her class.

"A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just as feelingly.—Topeka Journal.

Needless Alarm.

An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one morning and addressed the proprietor.

"Mister Becker, I haf der schmall pox—"

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Jacobs," exclaimed Becker, as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, "don't come any nearer!"

"Vot's der madder mit you fellers, any how?" quietly replied Jacobs. "I say I haf der schmall pox of butter out in mine wagon vot der Mrs. Becker ordered las' week already."—National Food Magazine.

Too Forgiving.

Clergyman: "Look here, Patsey Shea, if you're a sensible man you'll never let a drop of liquor pass your lips again. Sure, 'tis your worst enemy."

Patsey: "Arrah, now, your riverince, and haven't you told us from the pulpit that we wor to love our enemies?"

Clergyman: "True for you, Patsey; but I never told you that you were to swallow them."

At Last.

News Item: English Society Women Take up Poker.

Editor's Note: London Bridge is falling down.—Pelican.

Customary Place.

(From the New York Sun): "The little girl said she had been whipt as far back as she could remember."—Harvard Lampoon.

Hard on the Dog.

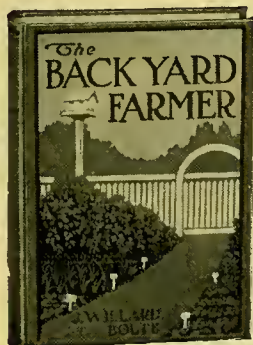
When the young husband reached home from the office he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed on his shoulder, "I had baked a lovely cake, and I put it out on the back porch for the frosting to dry, and—and the dog ate it!"

"Well, don't cry about it sweetheart," he consoled, patting the pretty, flushed cheeks. "I know a man who will give us another dog!"

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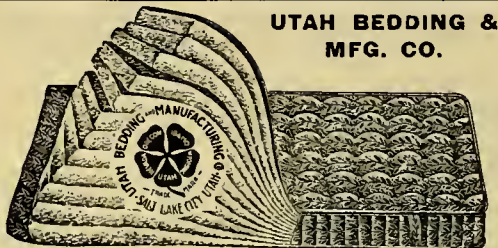
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